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Frozen Petals

by [Vampurr](#)

Summary

Angela is a young witch that lives secluded somewhere in the Swiss Alps. She unfortunately doesn't get very much company, except for a few mountain climbers and cross country skiers here and there. Though she has her beloved familiar, a canine, to keep her company. That is, until she gets the great idea to turn her familiar into a human.

Chapter 1

A small cottage sat nestled in a nice grove of snow-covered pine trees and short shrubs. It looked to be taken well care of; there were no holes in the roof, any damage to the windows or walls, and the little plot of land it was on seemed to be well taken care of when you could see it. By that, it was sometimes covered by such a thick layers of snow that you couldn't see the ground. Though when you could, an abundance of flowers grew around the house. Some of these flowers shouldn't even be here, for they were from far more distant lands and environments. Yet something kept them alive all during the time there wasn't snow. What that something was unknown to anyone who spotted or visited the cottage.

You might assume upon first seeing it that it was abandoned. After all, who in the world would want to live away from society and be basically a hermit? They'd miss out on all the good thing's society had to offer. Not to mention the next store was way too many miles away to walk to since after all, it was obvious they had no other means of transportation but walking. So no one would or could possibly live here.

However, if you looked closely you could always see some sort of light in the windows of the house. Unless it was during the day when you didn't need any source of light to see. Whoever lived there wasn't that stupid. Now if you truly believed that no one could possibly still be living in there, you would say that it is just the sun making it look that way or something. However, there had been plenty of nights when people, mostly lost cross country skiers, would see the light and just hope someone lived in there and it was not just the sun or something.

If you were nice enough to go knock on the door, whether in a dare to see if someone actually lived in there or if it was the only light in sight while everything else was pitch black, you would first hear a lot of loud yipping. This could only come from a canine of some sort, but it didn't sound like any regular barking you would hear. It sounded... Foreign to say the least. You could not tell if it was from a big or small dog, or if it was from a threatening one or not. However quickly a loud "Hush!" or "Shush!" would follow from a human voice. You could hear this straight through the thick walls of this little cottage. At the least, whoever was knocking now knew the dog was tame. However, by who?

Now if you chose to stay around after that, you would then hear the sound of one or two locks unlocking. Still not really sure how you could hear that, but if you have stuck around for this long you usually didn't care. Again, majority of the ones who came in the night were lost cross country skiers. After the locks were unlocked, there was a short pause. During this short pause, you sometimes heard what was probably the canine scratching at the door or it beginning to growl. This would usually be cut off once more by another shush or hush and then some whimpering would soon follow. Then finally, the door would open.

A rather pretty blonde girl with clear blue eyes would be on the other side, a small smile on her face as she looked over your person. She would then say hello in both German and English, and whichever you responded to she would end up talking in for the rest of the night. So hopefully you weren't a lost tourist trying to speak German and only knew a few phrases in it because then you would not understand her one bit the entire night.

She'd introduce herself as Angela Ziegler with not much more about herself and would then tell you just to call her Angela. She'd then go about to explain that she didn't really get visitors very often, so that's why she seemed excited and her pet, which she called a familiar accidentally on occasion (she was quick to correct herself on this though), was yipping and growling so much before. Her pet in question was a rather slender built canine that was as black as night with odd

gold markings all over its fur. Though usually you wouldn't ask about the markings, assuming it's owner had just dyed the fur there or something. You couldn't exactly tell what the canine's breed was, but because canines that were companions with humans were usually domesticated dogs, you'd assume it was one.

From this point, you could now see the inside of the cottage. It was far from even being considered abandoned, that was for sure. There was a nice, cozy living room to your left and a little kitchen to your right. There seemed to be a small hallway that lead further into the house, probably to a bedroom, a bathroom, and maybe another room too. It looked a lot bigger than it actually was on the outside, but you could only really see the front of the little home. The pine trees thickly covered the rest of it, and nobody seemed to plan on removing them either. Though why would you anyway? They are just innocent trees; no harm done whatsoever.

Now depending on your situation, she'd do one of two things. If you were one that had come during daylight just to see if anyone lived here and you had stuck around long enough to meet the girl, she would invite you to have tea with her. If you were one that came during the night time and stuck around because it was the only visible possible hope of survival, she would then let you sleep on her couch and care for you till the morning until she sent you away with directions on how to reach civilization once again. She always send you off with a big warm thank you for giving her some company and that if you ever wanted to come back again, whether lost or wanting to chat, she would happily open the door for you. Some came back and some did not. This was the way things were, and Angela was alright with this.

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That was, till there was a long streak of days when no one came to her house. Now, this had happened to Angela before and probably would happen again. Though that didn't mean she enjoyed it during the present.

"It just doesn't make much sense, Fareeha." She told her canine on the ninth day of no one coming by the little cottage. She had been reading a book at this time as Fareeha, her canine, rested its head in it's owner's lap. The animal looked up to her, bright yellow eyes studying her face, as Angela began to ramble on about how no one had visited her.

"I mean... There has to have been someone who has walked or skied by our home, right? Maybe they thought it was just the sun playing tricks on them again. I keep the lights on all the time just for that reason. Except for during the day of course, I'm not that stupid. Hey now, don't give me that look. You get plenty of sleep during the night; don't be blaming it on the lights!" Angela said, lightly tapping the dog's nose with a single finger. The dog then proceeded to lick her hand, to which Angela just smiled to. "Maybe if you didn't try to stay up with me all the time. You know, I can protect myself if someone came in. I know I don't do the best of decisions like letting random strangers in, but I could protect myself," Angela continued to ramble on. Fareeha just stared at her, obviously not believing her owner could protect herself. The canine always felt the need to protect Angela, just like any other dog would. If it meant losing hours of sleep, then Fareeha would do so.

Angela then fell quiet for a moment before looking down at her dog with an adoring look.

"Despite what I said, you are such a good girl for doing so. I don't know what I'd do without my beloved wolf by my side." Angela began to pet behind the canine's ears, which happened to be it's favorite spot. You could hear the soft thump of a tail as she did this.

"If only you could talk like other familiars... How nice that would be. Then I would have someone who I could talk to and get an actual response from instead of yips and whines. It's nice of you to try though, and also nice to know that you are listening." She then paused for a moment.

"...Though now thinking about it, I almost think you are one of the only familiars I've met that doesn't talk. Grant it, I haven't met many but the ones I have talk. All the familiars before I had

chosen one talked, mostly to flatter me and tell me why they'd make a good choice. Though you... Didn't. But then again, you didn't have much of a need to; your eyes spoke for you." Said eyes looked up at her, staring up into Angel's own blue ones. The dog's were a bright gold color that were quite stunning and matched her quite well, especially with her black fur and her own golden markings. They seemed so wise like they had seen it all, but yet still young and curious to find out more.

"Why is it you don't talk? Could it be just because you choose not to? Do you think I'd not like your voice? That's certainly not true; I'd love to hear it. Though maybe... Maybe you are just a wolf in disguise posing to be a familiar!" She teased, continuing to pet just behind the wolf's ear. However, the canine quickly narrowed its eyes and bared its teeth at its owner. The woman squeaked and quickly drew her hand back and mumbled, "I was just joking! I know you aren't a regular wolf!" Hearing this, Fareeha's expression changed and went back to laying its head in her lap. Angela was hesitant to pet the wolf again, but when the animal nudged the blonde's hand with its soft nose, it was quite obvious she wanted to be petted again. Angela was happy to do so.

"I know you aren't a regular wolf... No regular wolf would ever bond this close to a human... But anyway, it'd be nice to hear your voice. I bet it is as pretty as your howling, that is when it's far away." The canine just gave a low growl this time. "Fine fine. To you it is pretty, but to me it only is when it is far away. Other than that, it's not as pleasant when you are doing it right next to my ear."

Angela then fell silent once more, just petting the canine's ear and thinking about what her familiar's voice would sound like. Would it be deep or high or maybe somewhere in the middle? Would it sound gallant and proud or weak and fearful? It'd probably be the gallant and proud for that seemed to be the first two adjectives you would use to describe Fareeha. A gallant and proud wolf that was fiercely loyal to its master. Yes, that is the way you would describe her. However, Angela was not sure nor did she know if she ever would be sure of what her familiar's voice sounded like.

She continued to absentmindedly wonder about what her familiar's voice would sound like until an idea popped into her head. The blonde instantly sat up which alerted Fareeha. She began to growl just in case it was something that could cause harm. Though Angela just ignored this and jumped up off the couch.

"Come along, Fareeha! I want to try something new..." She told her dog and started her way out of the living room and down the little hallway. She was heading towards that other room that had been mentioned before, but it's purpose had never been listed. However, it was probably best to just show you instead of explaining it.

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The room was lined with shelves, holding assortments of jars and bottles. Some held different types of liquids of all colors, some held dried up and crushed plants, some held different parts of animals, some held dead or still alive bugs, and others were too dark or had some paper wrapped around them to see what was inside. There were two windows in the room, and they were overflowing with different types of herbs and plants fighting for the littlest glimpse of sunlight. However, usually they didn't need it for a touch from Angela would usually do the trick.

There was a short book shelf that had books ranging from all shapes, sizes, age, language, and color. Some looked so old that you'd be afraid if you just touched it, it would turn completely to dust. These books sat securely in the book shelves they were provided, in hopes of keeping them from getting damaged. On top of these book shelves were a wide variety of things including unfilled bottles, papers with or without words scribbled on them, animal skulls and bones, feathers, sticks from different trees, and too many other things to list. It was here where it seemed

to be the only place truly unorganized. Other than that, everything else seemed rather organized.

An old stove stood in one of the corners and a nice comfy chair in the other. Sometimes Angela would do late night reading and studies in here, so candles were scattered about the room. A blanket was also sloppily folded underneath the chair along with a small pillow or two. A cupboard sat rather closely to the stove, and it was filled with different pots and ladles of shape and sizes. Though none of them were all that big. On top of the cupboard sat another very big book that had seen better days. It currently laid closed at the moment, but from the way it sat it looked like it stayed open more than closed.

This was where Angela's real trade happens.

Unless it isn't clear for you now, Angela is what you would call a witch. It might be hard to think that at first for it just didn't seem to be in the girl's personality, but she was one. Her mother had been one, her grandmother had been one, her great grandmother had been one; the list went on and on and on. Some were even world known, at least to other witches. Her family line was known for their good deeds and their remarkable abilities with plants and living things just in general. Their plants always grew to bare the most flowers or fruit, their surroundings always seemed to be greener and more vegetated, their animals always seemed to be healthier and more trustful of humans, and their familiars seemed to grow to be stronger. Angela was no exception.

She dabbled in spells and potions herself and was always willing to try anything that came along. She did love a good challenge every once in a while; after all, it would keep her busy. Angela could become clumsy at times, so sometimes they didn't always work. However with a touch and the right spell, she could grow a seed all the way to adulthood if she pleased. However, she didn't do this often for she liked to see it naturally grow. She grew an abundance of different plants which were why there were so many outside of her little home. She'd check on them everyday when there wasn't snow just to make sure they were still growing and living. For some of them, she was the only reason as to why they were there still alive. Angela would also care for any injured or weak animals she found around her home, often due to Fareeha coming and showing her the way to said animal. They were quick to trust her which lead to her often seeing them after caring for them. Whether this was due to her kind and gentle personality and care taking or the type of magic she flourished in, she was not sure.

No, she wasn't world known like the ones who came before her. Though she probably could be if she really wanted and worked really hard, but she was happy with where she was now. She liked her little cottage in the middle of practically no where and the pros and cons that came with it. She was too humble anyway to try to become famous. Angela was happy with her small cottage in the Swiss Alps with the scarce amount of other humans and her beloved familiar.

Her familiar was an odd matchup to her own capabilities, to say the least. While Angela flourished in magic that dealt with anything that was living, Fareeha dealt with the death of anything living. Her familiar was an African Golden Wolf, though only little bits about her lived up to her name. She certainly was a wolf, but she only had certain places that were marked gold on her body along with her eyes. Everything else was pitch black. Despite that, she certainly was a very pretty animal.

She was a fierce and fast hunter, bringing back anything that Angela asked for in a matter of minutes. Sometimes the wolf would hunt for sport, happily bringing her kill up to the front door to show Angela. Angela had never liked this about her familiar, but took the body of the poor animal and used it to the best of her ability for Angela was a firm believer in never wasting any part of an animal. However it was not just her instinct to hunt and capture that made the familiar deal so close to death. Wherever the wolf stepped on grass or walked too close to any near bushes and flowers, the plant would begin to quickly wither and die. This caused quite a lot of problems at

first since Angela grew many different plants in front of and in her home and she loved them so, though she quickly came up with the solution that Fareeha was to step lightly and keep as far away from Angela's flowers as possible.

Her familiar had a few more powers such as teleportation if it pleased, however it rarely did it. After all, it required quite a lot of energy and skill from the familiar so it was hesitant to do so. Angela really had only witnessed it a few times too. Other than that, Angela was not sure of what other powers the familiar had. Really, she treated her familiar more like a regular person would treat their pet. This was to be expected though; since the two were always in each other's company.

Angela quickly began to look around the room until her eyes fell upon the small book shelves. She bent down and began to shift through the books, staring at each spine of the book for a good second or two. Her familiar stood beside her, staring at the shelves of books with a rather blank expression. The wolf really had no idea what was going on, however it was happy to be in this room. Fareeha was usually not allowed in this room since she could get into the wrong things and make it disorganized. Angela began to talk once again as she picked up books and thumbed through them quickly before deciding it wasn't the one she was looking for.

"Amélie gave me this book quite some time ago. You remember her, don't you? Pretty French woman with the other familiar?" Fareeha drew her mouth up into a snarl just thinking about the Frenchwoman's familiar. "Yes yes, I know you weren't fond of her familiar. She was just excited to meet another familiar, and she didn't even stay in her animal form the entire time. Amélie can change her into a human if she wants to, which she does quite often. I'm not gonna go into detail why Amélie does that again, I've already told you." She then paused only to thumb through a bigger book before talking again. Her familiar continued to stand there, though it seemed to be getting antsy.

"But anyway, she gave me this book about the entire process of turning your familiar into a human and how it works and whatnot. She gave it to me just in case I ever wanted to try it out on you. I only peaked at a couple of the pages before just adding it to the pile; I didn't think I'd use it anytime soon. I really haven't thought about it up until now, though it seems like a perfect time to check it out again!" Angela said, flashing Fareeha a smile before going back to rummaging through the books.

Upon hearing what she was looking for, Fareeha began to whimper and whine. At first she started with just a few in a long time frame but then started to constantly do it. The wolf was not happy with where this was going, though the reason why was very unclear. However, it was too late. Angela found the book and quickly jumped back up to her feet, a big smile on her face. She then began to thumb through its pages, mainly looking for whatever turned the familiar into a human. She would read the rest of it later.

"It seems to be a spell of some sort which makes sense. Amélie always changed her's in just a matter of seconds. Though Amélie has always been a better witch than me—Aw! Fareeha! No jumping up on me! What have I told you?" The wolf had only grown more anxious, now pacing around the room and whining. It now had finally resulted to jumping up on Angela which was quickly replied with a tap to the nose and a frown. "Fareeha, calm down. It's not that big of a deal. If it bothers you that much, then I won't keep you in it for long. I'm just curious as to what your voice sounds like!" The girl promptly and sternly told the wolf who just continued to pace back and forth and whine. "I'm not sure why this is causing you such an upset. It really shouldn't! You never know, this could be fun!" At this the wolf stopped for a moment, staring up at her. Angela met her gaze and nodded at the familiar. "Trust me. I would never do anything that would harm

you. I'd do anything else in the world before harming you, anyway! This'll be fun, you'll see."

The wolf continued to stare up at her before walking over and nudging Angela's hand. It finally was beginning to trust her owner in this situation; though Angela did not know why it had caused such an upset at first. Angela smiled at this gesture and then gave her a little pat on the head. "That's a good girl, Fareeha. A very good girl. You can always trust me."

She then flipped through a couple more pages and then stopped. "Here it is!" She exclaimed, looking over the page. Despite the wolf's worry, it slowly reclined into a sitting position. It only repeated in its head what Angela had last said.

You can always trust me.

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The process was fast and quick, just like it was when Amélie did it. Really it was a simple spell; a witch that just found their familiar could easily do it without fail. Angela may be a little clumsy at times, but she could do this spell with ease.

You couldn't observe the whole process; the familiar would be shrouded in a thick form of smoke ranging from different shades of gray and black while the entire process happen. Angela guessed that the book went more in depth over what exactly happens as the familiar changed, but honestly she was happy that she didn't see. It was probably a very weird process that the familiar endured, and probably not very pleasing to the eyes for the observer. It didn't seem painful which was a relief for the blonde; she would absolutely hate to ever cause pain to her familiar.

It only was a few moments before her familiar had changed.

The first thing Angela realized about her now human familiar was that she was a lot taller than Angela was. She was practically towering over the small blonde. In even a thousand of years, Angela would of never guessed that Fareeha would be taller than her.

Fareeha now stood quite a lot taller than Angela, especially if you counted her ears. Despite being turned to a human, her wolf ears still stayed perked upon her head. Pitch black hair, exactly the same color of her once fur, was soon to follow. It was in a rather short cut, falling just an inch or two past her chin. It wasn't in a different style except for the front, which was braided with a few gold adornments entwined with it. Her eyes didn't seem to be changed except for looking more human. They still had the bright gold color. Though, underneath her right eye, she still had the Eye of Horus just like she did when she was in her wolf form, but this time it was in black and not gold. Fareeha's skin was a sort of light shade of brown, much darker than Angela's own pale skin.

Fareeha wore a black leather jacket that bore the same golden markings on the sleeve and back of the jacket like she did when she had been a wolf. She had a white shirt underneath. She also wore a pair of dyed black frayed jeans, and like the ears she still had her tail. Angela wasn't really sure as to why she still had her tail and ears, but that wasn't a big deal.

Though one thing was for certain. Angela thought her familiar looked very good looking as a human. Very good looking.

The two stood completely still there for a few moments, staying silent. Angela was looking over Fareeha while Fareeha was looking over Angela. This was a new perspective for Fareeha as well, after all; she use to only see Angela from a downward angle.

"Fareeha... You look absolutely wonderful!" Angela finally exclaimed, clapping her hands together. A huge smile appeared on her face. "I now wish I had thought of this sooner!"

Fareeha grumbled a few words in a language that Angela did not know, gaining a frown on her face. How the familiar knew another language was beyond the blonde. Angela would have to figure out what language later.

"... I do not like this at all," Fareeha finally grumbled out, ears instantly flattening against her head. This really didn't sway Angela at all; really it only fueled her excitement and joy.

"Fareeha! You can speak!"

"Of course I can speak. I am not dumb." Each of her words were coated in an accent that Angela could just put her finger on. She hadn't heard one like it before. Though it sounded a lot similar to an accent from the Middle East.

"Then why didn't you talk before? I know familiars can do that; even Amélie's familiar can do that in animal form," Angela questioned.

"I just didn't... want to," she simply answered. She kept the frown on her face, though it was starting to fade upon seeing the blonde's excitement. Even when she was a wolf, she still could never stay annoyed or aggravated at Angela for long.

"Aw... Well you should of! But that doesn't matter anymore; you're talking now!" Angela replied just as cheerfully as she had before. "Ah, this is gonna be fun! You will end up liking this, I just know you will!"

Fareeha was quiet for a moment, her mouth now a straight line. "... Maybe," she finally replied, looking over to the girl with a slight smile. Maybe this would be fun...

"That's the spirit! We're going to get to do all sorts of things now; I'll even show you how to have tea!"

"Tea?" The familiar's ears instantly perked upon hearing the word. Her tail slowly began to wag. "Wait really? I'll finally get to have some with you instead of having to watch?" Fareeha had always wanted to get a quick lap of the hot drink, though Angela had never allowed her to do so. She always said that she'd burn her tongue and that it wasn't good for her

"I don't see why not. Though, I really didn't think you wanted it that bad to be getting excited over it now." She gained a soft smile on her face, watching her familiar.

"What? No, no I'm not." Fareeha quickly replied. "It's just... Tea. No big deal," she then slowly said, trying her best to now sound as disinterested as she possibly could. Angela just giggled at this which caused the familiar to gain a small smile herself. Though she'd never admit this.

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Angela spent the rest of the day chatting with her now human familiar, mostly adoring over Fareeha verbally. She was just so happy about finally having someone to talk to that would actually respond. Not only that, but she was just happy that she finally had someone who wasn't going to leave her at the end of day. Fareeha was going to stay with her, which Angela was extremely grateful of. She wasn't sure what she would do if her familiar ever left her.

"Alright, Fareeha. Time for bed!" Angela announced finally at around midnight. Her familiar was sitting beside her, close to falling asleep any second now. Though upon hearing her, she quickly shot up with a small yelp. "I'm awake, I'm awake!" She quickly and loudly exclaimed, looking over to the blonde. Angela just laughed quietly at this and gained another smile on her face. "Heh... It's okay that you fell asleep." Then she moved her hand to pet her familiar's head

absentmindedly, but quickly stopped herself.

Could... she still do that? After all, Fareeha was now basically a human. It might not be the most appropriate thing... But it wasn't like anybody was watching either. Despite even knowing that, it still felt weird. Angela lowered her hand down, quickly letting her hand go back to her lap. Her cheeks now flushed due to the embarrassment. Fareeha stared at her confused, ears being to droop. It wouldn't of been weird to the familiar; it actually would of been something she would of liked. She then tilted her head, staring at the other woman.

"You can... Still do that, you know." The familiar mumbled, still with a confused look on her face. "I don't... Mind if you do.."

"No... I better not," Angela replied quietly, shaking her head. "Let's just go on ahead to bed. I'm sure my bed will fit both of us."

"You can switch me back if you want. That's fine too," Fareeha suggested. Whether she actually wanted that or not, Angela could not tell. Angela just nodded no once again and got up. "No no, it's perfectly fine! I have no problem with that at all." Fareeha slightly frowned at this; she wasn't that sure if it was that fine after all.

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When Fareeha was in wolf form, she always would jump onto the bed and burrow underneath the sheets. Eventually it would make its way to Angela's side and curl up next to her. Angela was always happy with this. However she was not quite sure what Fareeha would do now. It would only be natural for the familiar to do what she had always done since she had arrived here. The blonde supposed she would be okay if she did, but it would be... Awkward at first. There was no away around it. She was use to having an animal around her all the time, but not exactly a human. Not only that, but it had been forever since she shared her bed with someone else. Whenever someone came over who had to spend the night, she let them sleep on her couch.

Let's also not forget to add that Angela found her familiar to be quite good looking.

Sure, she could change Fareeha back if she pleased, but she didn't want to do that just yet. If she changed her back, she'd probably never let her do it again.

"Come along Fareeha. It's okay," she said to her familiar who was currently lingering at the door. Fareeha was probably just as unsure as Angela was. She continued to linger by the door before finally creeping into the room. Angela gave the other woman a warm smile and patted a spot beside her.

Finally after a few minutes of waddling over, Fareeha climbed onto the bed and curled up right at the spot Angela had patted. It was rather close to the blonde, but honestly she didn't care at the moment. She was just happy she had finally coaxed Fareeha onto the bed.

"That's a good girl, Fareeha. Very good girl. There's no reason to feel... Afraid of it." Angela said all of that very slowly, still unsure if it was the right thing to say. Though this time she couldn't resist petting her familiar's head. Instantly this was returned with the thump of a wagging tail. She certainly still enjoyed that.

"Good night, Fareeha," she mumbled sleepily, finally realizing just how tired she actually was. For once, she actually heard a response.

"Good night..."

The next few days were going to be interesting, that was for sure.

Chapter 2

Spring was beginning to slowly fade away, and autumn was beginning to appear once again. The toll of the now chiller weather was beginning to show in the alps that Angela called home, but it seemed like an eternal spring near her cottage. She always tried to keep the vegetation around her house growing as strong and long as possible, especially as the colder parts of the year came around.

Despite that, the trees that changed colors began to change and loose their leaves around the house. There weren't many of them, but they always had been Angela's favorite for that reason. Most of the time, Angela and Fareeha would spend their time collecting the leaves for potions or to use almost as a decoration in their little home. Fareeha would snap at them and growl whenever they floated down and fell on her head, and Angela would laugh at this and then try to see how many leaves she could balance on the wolf's head before it became too annoyed.

Later on, Angela would celebrate with a nice cup of steaming hot tea and a good book, sometimes a favorite of hers or sometimes something brand new. For some odd reason, she always seemed to become a lot more busier as it grew colder. The outside plants would begin to need more attention so they could survive, more animals and people in need of help appeared at her doorstep, and preparations for the long winter months ahead needed to be taken care of. Her work was usually paid off during the winter since she would get snowed in more often than not, but that didn't mean she shouldn't enjoy the free time she had now.

This year was no exception, despite Fareeha now being in human form.

See, Angela would've changed her back by now. She really had only thought she'd keep her in this form for a few days before deciding to change her back since by then more people would certainly had to of come by her house. Though, the week following the transformation, not a single person even stopped by the house at all. That week soon turned into a month till all the way up to now. Angela just couldn't of stood for that long of a period of countless rambles or just pure silence; it probably would of drove her mad.

Though, it was kind of obvious the familiar liked that form better, probably because she operated better in that one. There had been plenty of times where she had stumbled and fallen onto the floor, into furniture, or into Angela, or jumped up just a little too fast and falling right back onto whatever she had been sitting on or onto Angela. She had received plenty of bruises and scratches from those mishaps, though Angela always tried her best to heal them as soon as she got them. Despite being able to heal them in just a matter of seconds, she wasn't fond of the fact Fareeha was getting hurt because of it, even if they were just minor things.

Though during this time, Angela had began to grow use to having someone around all the time, and frankly she was loving every second of it. She now had someone who would respond to what she said all the time and would chat for hours on end about really anything that came to mind, from simple chats about the day's events to deeper conversations about the use of magic and the good or bad impact it had. The familiar always asked question upon question, her curiosity of the world and all its wonders had seemed to of been rekindled now. It was as if the curiosity that had always flickered in her eyes suddenly could now be fulfilled, and she would not let any second of it slip away. She wanted to soak up all the information she could, and Angela certainly had more than enough to supply her with and was happy to do so, even if it did take her hours of going through an assortment of books or papers to find a correct answer for the familiar.

Their conversations were quick to turn into discussions, lasting sometimes for days on end. Angela almost missed the silence she had from before since she talked so much now with her

familiar, but she honestly wouldn't trade this for anything in the world.

Despite her first reaction and thoughts, don't assume the familiar harbored opposite feelings for the situation at hand. If Fareeha was to be honest, she would probably say that she was enjoying it quite thoroughly herself. Her witch seemed to be the happiest she had ever been, now chipper and lively every morning and awaiting what new conversations would hold. A smile would always appear on her face whenever Fareeha spoke, probably because she really did love hearing the familiar's voice that much. Fareeha always took this as a good sign.

Not only that, but now Fareeha could care for Angela more than ever before. There was no more useless tugging at the witch's sleeve to wake her up when she fell asleep anywhere that wasn't her bed; Fareeha now would simply pick up the other woman as gently and swiftly as possible and carry her to her room. Throwing blankets over the small blonde were now an ease, which she would do if Angela would not get up or if she didn't want to wake her up from a peaceful slumber. The familiar could now help out around with daily chores around the home as well, which Angela was ever so grateful of. Fareeha felt like she was finally truly helping out her witch to the best of her ability.

Despite all of that, a pang of doubt still stayed with her as the days she spent in this form, and it only grew and simply would not leave. It kept her wary and unsure of this new situation at all times, as if she was always on her feet and ready to flee. She would not let what happened last time ever happen again, that was for sure.

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"Fareeha! Come on, you can come and help pick up the leaves!" Angela called cheerfully over to the other woman, who was currently sitting on the doorstep while quietly sulking. A brim straw hat sat on top of her head to keep the sun she disliked so much off her face and also because the blonde had insisted for her to wear it since she thought it would look cute on the familiar.

She really never had liked the daytime all that much; she always preferred the cold blanket of darkness that came with nightfall. She could only stick out like a sore thumb during the day with her pitch black pelt and golden markings that almost shined in the sun. When it was night, she felt the most secure to run around and explore wherever she pleased since she blended so well into the dark. Though, she didn't go out often during the night since that was when a good majority of the strangers came to the little home. Although she was in human form now and blending in didn't apply, she was still wary of going out.

The familiar just let out a low grumble. She really had no excuse for why she shouldn't have to help her pick up leaves, nor was there really any good one she could defend either. Angela just looked over and gave her a big smile.

"Come on. I thought you enjoyed doing this!"

"No, not particularly. Leaves are... Annoying. They are tons of them, not to mention they are loud and crunchy. They like to land on my head way too often too," she said, glaring at a leaf as it ironically floated its way onto the brim of her hat. She was quick to flick it off with a soft growl.

Angela just quietly laughed at her and came over, carrying a basket that was to be filled to the brim with leaves. "They're very pretty though. Did you know that in some places, some turn into reds, yellows, and oranges? Sometimes, they're even a combination of all three! I'd have Jesse always bring me back some of the colorful ones when he went back to America." They only had brown or almost golden leaves where they were.

Fareeha raised an eyebrow at this, though she honestly was intrigued. "Really?" Despite being

intrigued by this new fact, she always tried her best not to sound like she was interested.

"Yup. They're so pretty. I had pressed a few of them in my books to preserve them since I couldn't just replace them like I do with these, but I'm not sure if they're still intact though."

"Well, maybe it'd be a nice time to check. We are on the grand topic of leaves, after all." Whether that last bit was sarcasm, Angela was not sure. If there was one thing the witch had learned about her familiar, it was that she liked to use quite a lot of sarcasm.

"How about once we finish collecting these leaves, I'll prepare us some nice tea and then go look for the books I had pressed them in," the blonde suggested after a pause of silence, even though she knew that she didn't even need to suggest it since Fareeha was going to say yes anyway. There was nothing that she seemed to love more than getting to have tea with Angela, and this was certainly something she showed.

A thump of a wagging tail was quickly heard and a small smile instantly appeared on the familiar's face. "Well, I suppose I love leaves now. I'd be happy to help you collect them." (Though really, it wasn't like she was going to get out of it in the end.)

The first time Fareeha could try the hot beverage, she had been ecstatic. Her ears had been promptly perked and alert, her tail was wagging faster than the speed of light, and a smile appeared on her face which showed off her small fangs. She watched every movement that Angela made in preparing the tea, in such hope that maybe she could learn to make the beverage for both her and the witch's delight.

She could finally try the drink that had been off limits for as long as she had been the blonde's familiar, and she had been trying forever to just get one quick lap of the sweet liquid. There had been plenty of times when she had been a wolf in which she would jump up in the chair and try to quickly to get at least one drop of it if Angela left it unattended. Though she would always catch her just in time and quickly pick her up while also reminding her of how she wasn't allowed to have any of it. She'd then place her down on the ground and give her one little tap on her nose.

Even though the first sip she took was extremely hot and burned her tongue, she still was quite happy over getting to finally have some tea. The familiar soon learned the obvious tips about drinking tea like not drinking it right when it was poured and the like. She stayed just as joyous and excited with every cup like she had been with first. Honestly, she probably drank more tea than Angela had ever drank in her entire life. Well... Maybe that was a little bit of an overstatement.

Angela began making the tea as soon as they got done with collecting the leaves. The now full basket sat right next to the door. Fareeha watched all of the witch's movements with such attentiveness as the blonde continued to prepare the tea. She really hoped that she would learn someday to make the beverage, but whether that would be a good or bad thing... Neither of the two were quite sure.

The water quickly started its little journey of becoming boiled water, and really it would only take a minute or two. Though Angela was quick to hurry off in search of those books; she really wasn't sure where she had put them last and it was probably best she started looking right away. Fareeha was left to watch the kettle as the water continued to boil which she did so amazingly. Angela always joked she made a good watch dog.

Soon, it was ready to come off the stove and be used for tea. Fareeha watched for a little bit after this, but then began to look behind her for the witch. A slightly worried expression slowly

appeared on her face, really not sure what to do. She had never been allowed to touch the stove before for safety reasons, though surely there was a difference now. She was after all in a human form, which suited her a lot better for a situation like this. Plus, if she was afraid of doing this, then how would she ever learn to correctly make tea without her witch's help?

All of these statements swirled in her head for a few seconds until she finally got up and warily made her way over to the stove. With a quick and easy motion, she lifted the kettle off the stove with no difficulty. She placed it on the counter and let herself relish in a moment of triumph. All her worrying had been for nothing, and she could easily do this. Hell, she could probably become the best tea maker in the whole world! All these thoughts made her smile with such pride over her accomplishment, and she couldn't wait for Angela to come back and see her amazing feat.

Now, if someone could explain why her hand felt like it was burning, then the woman would be a lot happier.

She jumped back with a loud yelp, waving her hand around as if it was literally on fire. She began to loudly curse, switching from language to language of the ones she knew. It only was a few seconds before Angela came running back, a look of fear and worry on her face. She rushed over to the familiar's side quickly exclaiming, "Here here! Calm down and let me see!"

It probably would of taken quite a lot of minutes for the familiar to calm down, but Angela quickly grabbed ahold of what seemed to be the injured hand. Thankfully, it was. The spot that had touched the hot kettle was bright red and certainly looked painful. Fareeha tried to pull her hand away at first, but Angela held on with all the strength she could muster. She then clasped both her hands around the familiar's hand and mumbled a few inaudible words, keeping her eyes on her hands. Fareeha almost had a look of bewilderment on her face, yet she knew exactly what the witch was doing.

The pain and redness went away within in a matter of seconds, and it was like the event never happened. Angela finally looked up to meet Fareeha's gaze, flashing her a rather weak smile.

"There, all better! No need to fret."

There was no response from the familiar. She still had that bewildered look on her face that was now looking back and forth from the blonde and her own hand. She heard the witch quietly laugh.

"It isn't like this is the first time I've used magic, Fareeha. I don't know why you seem so surprised," she said, her weak smile seeming to grow slightly stronger. Fareeha didn't respond to this either, but now her eyes seemed to have finally focused on just her hand.

"What, would you like me to kiss it for you or something?" A small smirk now replaced Angela's smile. Fareeha began to stammer with her words at this, but quickly gathered herself together. She nodded a quick no and replied, "No, I'm fine. I'm just a little surprised, that's all. Can't help it."

Angela just chuckled a little at this and nodded. Her smile once again returned. "Alright, that's good to hear. Now we can back to having tea and talking about leaves."

Fareeha just nodded, having completely forgotten about the wonderful beverage she had been trying to make.

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After the tea incident, a few months passed and yet no one had came to the cottage the entire time. Winter was just around the corner, and this meant two things for Angela. The first thing was that she was going to have to move all her plants, at least the ones she could move, into her home so

they didn't die due to the cold. She did this every year, and it took her quite a while to do. The second thing was that she was going to have to go to civilization for her monthly little shopping spree, though this one always happened to be the biggest one she did.

You see, every month, Angela had to make a trip back to civilization. Grant it, her magic did provide quite a few things for her so she could live so deeply in the alps she called home with not that many issues. Though, there were a few things that she simply could not just conjure up out of the blue. She did practically eat up any book that she could get her hands on, after all.

So this called for at least one trip out to civilization so she could keep any problems living here to a bare minimum. These usually were one day trips, and really most of it was taken up by the travel time. How Angela brought it all back with her was a mystery to everyone but her.

The witch always enjoyed these days quite a lot. It gave her a chance to socialize a little with other people, even if it was just for a few minutes at a time. It allowed her to keep up with everything else that was happening in the world, even if it was just by month to month. It also gave her something to do for a day, and she always felt like she had accomplished something when she was done.

Yet, she never felt comfortable leaving Fareeha alone for such a long period of time. Of course Angela knew the familiar could easily protect herself if she was ever in harm's way and really people rarely visited their home, but she couldn't help but feel the slightest hint of worry over leaving her alone. For this reason, she would always hurry back as fast as possible. Though now with Fareeha being in human form, she continued to push back the day for when she had to leave. Eventually it came to the point where her familiar had to coax her into going off to the nearest place the first few times.

Angela would just never forgive herself if she let something bad happen to Fareeha.

"Are you sure you'll be okay here by yourself? I might be gone longer than usual..." Angela asked in a final try to talk Fareeha into letting her stay, lingering by the door and looking at her familiar with almost hopeful eyes. Fareeha tried to nudge her out of the door, a soft smile appearing on her face as she nodded. "Yes, I'll be fine. Why would I not?"

"Well I don't know... You never know what could happen while I'm gone. You might need me or —"

"I would never want you to put yourself in danger for my sake," she said in a serious tone and expression. Though this didn't stay for long, and she went back to that smile from before. "Plus, you know for a fact that you don't have any fierce bone in your body. You'd never hurt anyone, not even a fly." That was true; she always tried to let bugs fly out of her home before even considering killing them. Fareeha would just swat at them till she hit them.

The witch gained a small pout to her face which just made the familiar's smile grow bigger. "Just go. I'll be right here when you get back. I promise," Fareeha said.

"Fine... But you'll also have to promise me that you won't go outside unless you absolutely have to."

Fareeha's ears perked slightly at this, but nodded once more. "Fine fine. I promise I won't go outside." Though the smirk and playful look in her eyes told Angela otherwise, but she decided not to address it. The blonde silently told herself that it would be fine if Fareeha went outside while she was gone, despite the small flicker of worry she felt.

"Well then, I'll be off. Behave yourself while I'm gone, alright?"

"I will."

Both of them couldn't help but smile now, and Angela got on her tippy toes to give Fareeha a little pat on the head. Though she just ended up bending down for the witch so she could give her a pat. Even in her human form, the familiar still loved pets and pats on her head. The two then said their goodbyes, and then Angela was off.

Angela looked over the many books that were all neatly and tightly tucked in the shelves that lined the walls. She thumbed through a few of them every once in awhile, sometimes pulling one out one to look at the cover or read the back. A pile of books was growing beside her on a little stool, and it was only going to grow from this point on. There were so many new titles for Angela to explore and read, and she couldn't help but be excited. A smile couldn't help but appear on her face as she continued to look at all the books.

"Angela!" A loud voice boomed behind her with big footsteps following closely behind. She nearly jumped at the sound, but quickly turned on her heels to face whoever was talking to her. A big smile appeared on her face and her excitement and joy only grew. "Reinhardt!" She exclaimed. The man flashed her a smile, and a deep "Woof!" was heard that came from something by his side. By his side stood a big black dog with the fluffiest fur; it appeared to be a Newfoundland by the looks of it. Its tail wagged and it tried to pull its owner closer to Angela so it could sniff her. This couldn't help remind her of Fareeha, but she decided to push this thought to the back of her mind.

"Angela! I didn't expect to see you here! Er well... Wait I did, but that isn't the point right now. I haven't seen you in the longest time; it's been months, hasn't it? How have you been?" Reinhardt asked, sounding about as excited as the blonde was. His smile was now plastered on his face, and his joy was now obvious.

"I've been doing quite well, thank you for asking! Getting ready for winter you know, so I had to come and do a little shopping. Anyway, how have you been? Not only that, but what brings you to Switzerland? I thought you lived in Germany."

"I've been doing great myself! Still working my old job, and I am not planning on quitting anytime soon; that's for sure! I still live in Germany. Same old house too, while I'm at it. Though I'm here on an off day and to give you something!" He said before digging through the pocket of his pants in search of whatever he was going to give Angela. His dog continued to pull and tug at his leash, but even it couldn't make the big man budge.

"Something for me? You didn't even know I was going to be here," Angela replied, a slightly confused expression now on her face. Though she wasn't really all that surprised, considering her life and what she was.

"Ah, but I did! You know Miss Amélie, don't you? I believe you two are good friends, if I remember correctly. Anyway, she has a familiar you know; it can predict the future. It knew that I was going to run into you today so Amélie sent me a letter to give to you. Hold on... Ah, here it is!" He finally found the somewhat crumpled letter and handed it over to the blonde. Sure enough, it was from Amélie. She quietly observed it for a moment, turning it over after reading the front. It was made out for Reinhardt, but on the back it gave strict directions that this was for Angela and he was not to open it under any circumstance. It also gave where Angela would be, but under that Amélie had scribbled down that he didn't really need to know this because fate would bring him to Angela either way.

"The mailman probably was confused about all those words on the back, I bet." Angela finally

said after looking over the letter, which caused the man to laugh. "Ah, I'm sure!" He replied.

"But thank you so much for delivering this to me. You really didn't need to make a special trip all the way out here. I really should get something so I can collect mail without people having to do the oddest of things trying to get something to me."

"Nonsense! I was already planning to come down to Switzerland anyway to visit you and your mother. That is, if I can remember the way to your cottage. It's been so long." He then paused, and asked, "How is your mother doing, by the way? It's been so long since I've seen her too, and she was always quite fond of what you would consider the modern world. Surprises me she isn't with you here now."

Angela's smile quickly faded from her face, and a sad expression was quick to replace it. She didn't say anything for a few seconds, not sure what to say. Reinhardt had been a very close friend of her mother's, and even Angela herself wasn't over it or really she still couldn't believe it. Finally, she just took a deep breath and said:

"She... Passed away about two years ago. It's just me and Fareeha now."

Reinhardt mouthed an oh and then didn't say or do anything for a good minute or two. A look of grief instantly washed over his usual jolly face. Angela just stayed completely silent and still, staring at the letter that she was holding.

"Angela, I am so sorry. I would've never guessed that in a million years. She seemed just fine when I last saw her, but even that has been at least a few years. I should've come sooner. I really can't believe this at all... She was such a sweet and kind women, always willing to help anyone who was in need. It was no wonder she flourished so well as a witch that had a special touch with helping people and animals. After all, I would of froze that one night so long ago if it wasn't for you and her." He couldn't help but laugh a little at his last sentence.

"No it's... Fine. Believe me, I was surprised when she passed too. I guess it was just her time. I miss her dearly, and it was hard at first. After all, we spent everyday together, not to mention we did everything together too. But then, Fareeha came at my greatest time of need, and I think it's only gotten better from there. Though there isn't a day I go without thinking of her." Angela said with a quiet sigh.

"Ah... Well I just wish I had been able to say my final goodbyes. She was such an amazing woman, you know." Reinhardt then stopped for a moment before a small endearing smile appeared on his face. "Who is Fareeha? I don't think I've ever heard you say that name. Have you gone off and finally found yourself a lady by any chance?"

"Oh, no no no! She's my familiar!" She was quick to respond, but she quickly gained a rosy blush on her face. "She's a wolf, an African Golden Wolf to be exact!" She decided to leave off that her familiar wasn't currently a wolf but rather in her human form.

"Ah! I see! You finally found your familiar! How lovely! I was beginning to think you'd never find and pick one. Last time I saw you, you were complaining about how so many familiars were coming by your house, trying to convince you to choose them as your familiar." Reinhardt exclaimed. His smile had finally returned back to its original and usual size.

"Heh, me too. I'm just happy that I finally found one that I really like and that there are no longer four or five of them coming to my house and bombarding me everyday,". Angela replied.

The two chatted for quite sometime after that, probably for an hour or two until they both decided just to have lunch together. They tried to catch up on each other's life as much as they possibly

could in a few hours. Not much had changed in Angela's life, but Reinhardt had plenty enough to say for the both of them. The blonde didn't mind this at all; she had always enjoyed listening to Reinhardt's stories a lot more than she did her own. Angela also finally got introduced to his dog, who stayed calm and quiet during their entire lunch. Despite not even begging, Angela probably gave it more of her food than she ate herself.

Finally, the two had to say their goodbyes. Reinhardt promised that he would visit her very soon to which the blonde responded with writing down exact directions to her home on a slip of paper. He couldn't help but laugh at this and then promised he wouldn't forget it this time.

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Angela probably made it home a lot later than she expected. Talking and having lunch with Reinhardt had taken quite some time, but she really didn't mind at all. She had enjoyed that quite a lot, and really couldn't wait till he came over to her home.

Though, that had taken up a lot of her time. In the end, she had to rush to get everything that she would need for winter. Though she was able to gather up all the items just in time, and she was very thankful to finally get home after a day's worth of shopping. She was also thankful that she wouldn't have to go out for a quite some time after this.

It was dark when she finally got home, so she could only see the lights coming from the windows of the house. Angela quickly unlocked the door since it was rather chilly outside and stepped inside the warm house, shutting the door as quickly as she had unlocked it behind her. She took a moment to just soak up the warmth; the witch always had a small dislike for the cold. For once, she was thankful that she had learned that spell that transported items instantly to the spot of the user's choosing. That way, she didn't have to struggle trying to get it all in and allow cold air to invade the little home.

"Good evening!" A chipper voice called from the couch, and Fareeha was then quick to run over to her at the door. She had a mischievous and questionable smile on her face, but her eyes remained expectant of something. Angela couldn't help but cock her head a little at this, but decided to ignore it for now. She was just happy to be home and done with all the shopping for the next few months.

"Hello, Fareeha. You sound just as lively and well rested as when I left you. Surely you didn't spend all the day napping away," the blonde teased. Fareeha briskly nodded no, and her smile only grew bigger. "I actually did the complete opposite. You'll see what I mean if you just take a look around..." That mischievous look reappeared on her face, and she stepped to the side so Angela could take a look and hopefully notice what was different about her home and that whatever it was, it wasn't anything bad.

It looked to be freshly clean, but that had become a common occurrence in the home. Fareeha happened to have a knack of keeping everything clean and organize for both of their own benefit. So that surely couldn't be what she was talking about. Now, all the things that had probably randomly appeared out of nowhere for the familiar seemed to of been already put up, probably in their respective place at that. The girl's eyebrows couldn't help knit together looking around the little cottage. Fareeha seemed on the verge of laughing, but out of complete giddy and happiness. Not to alarm Angela that it was something bad, that is for sure. She tried to keep her hand over her mouth to prevent her from bursting out in laughter.

"I don't see what you're talking about, Fareeha... It looks the same as always, with your usual wonderful cleaning job," she finally said, looking over to the familiar. She now had her eyebrows raised.

"I can touch them," she replied, a giggle escaping her mouth. Yet another eyebrow raise came from the girl, but with this new information she might just be able to solve what the familiar was talking about.

The witch looked over the room for a few more seconds, trying to take in every little detail. She didn't remember bringing in that plant that now sat on the coffee table, or really getting it out of the ground to begin to begin with. A few small plants sat nestled beside it, and neither did she remember bringing in those either. Soon enough, as she continued to look around the room, she noticed more and more plants that she didn't remember bringing in at all that were now just sitting in a pot or in a vase.

"I can touch them, and they won't die." Fareeha repeated once more, except adding the last bit. Angela looked over to her, the look of confusion still staying for a few seconds before quickly being replaced with a smile.

"Oh Fareeha! You can finally touch the plants!" The witch exclaimed in almost as much joy as the familiar was probably in. Fareeha briskly nodded, smiling as big as Angela had probably ever seen her do. Her tail was happily wagging a mile a minute.

"Oh, this is wonderful news! Now I won't have to fuss at you about getting too close to them!" Angela began, but then paused. She gave the newly potted plants another long before looking back up to the taller woman. It was as if it all finally clicked together.

"And you... You brought them all in for me so I didn't have to." She said softly. A rather loving expression was now on her, and her smile had become a much softer one. She looked up to meet the familiar's face, which was currently trying to avoid the witch's gaze. A blush was quickly appearing on her face, and Fareeha just gave a sheepish nod, "Yes, I did... I didn't really have much else to do today. It's not that big of a deal..." She mumbled out, finally meeting the witch's gaze. Though she was quick to look away once more. Angela stood there quietly for a moment, before deciding to give the familiar a hug.

Fareeha had to admit, she hadn't been expecting that. Her ears quickly perked and she looked down to the smaller girl, a blank expression first on her face. She didn't return it at first, but eventually she hesitantly wrapped one arm around the other girl.

"That was very sweet of you, Fareeha. Thank you for doing it, really," Angela said quietly, looking back up to the familiar. Fareeha didn't say anything for the longest time, but her arm never loosened around the other girl. They probably stayed like this for a minute before Fareeha quietly reminded her, "It is pretty late... I think it's time we probably both go on to bed. We both did a lot today, after all."

"You are... Right," Angela said, breaking from the embrace after giving her one last tight squeeze. Fareeha then dashed off to the bedroom, whether because she really was that tired or she still happened to be that embarrassed or some other emotion. Angela couldn't help but chuckle at the familiar before deciding to trail along after her.

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Everyone seems to always have that one recurring dream. Whether it was a bad dream or a good dream, or just recurring place or the same things happening, you always seemed to have that one dream. There had been spells that had developed for dreams, but none to stop a dream that just kept recurring.

For Angela, it was one that terrified her despite all these years of having it.

It had been when she was young, playing outside with her own mother's familiar while her mother

tended to their garden. Her mother's familiar had been a rather big tawny cat that always loved to play with Angela. The blonde couldn't remember exactly what the familiar's powers were, but that didn't really matter at that point and time. All she remembered of the cat was that it was her closest friend and playmate all the way up to her mother's death. Sadly, it ran away after Fareeha had come, probably seeing no need to stay and deciding to go find another witch to serve. Though Angela did know it mourned the passing of her mother greatly, and maybe it just didn't want to stay because it would only remind her of Angela's mother. At least, that's what the blonde always told herself.

Angela had been playing with the familiar with a ball of yarn, rolling it back and forth across the grass. It had to of been spring since she didn't remember ever being chilly until she found it.

She had missed catching it one time, and it rolled away down the side of hill the cottage sat on. The cat was about to march off gallantly and retrieve it for them so they could continue playing, but Angela held it back and insisted it might be dangerous for a cat to go off like that and that the cat could get hurt. The cat just rolled it's eyes at the girl, but didn't go against the young girl's orders. Instead, Angela said they would go together and she'd protect the cat till her last dying breath.

She called to her mother to make sure it was okay, and upon hearing something of an approval, the pair ventured on down the hill. It happened to be covered in trees and bushes just like the way it did around the house, but Angela didn't really mind and had her heart set on finding the ball of yarn. The cat stayed by her side, sometimes going a few paces ahead to check what lied ahead.

They found the yarn snagged in a bush, but it was not the only thing there. The skeleton of a deer, still with bits of skin and meat hanging onto the frame, laid still beside the bush. It had been there for quite some time, by the looks at it. Angela noticed it first, and like any young child, instantly was fascinated by it. She stared at it with big eyes, hesitant to touch the skeleton. Instead she picked up the yarn and fiddled with it in her hands, but continued to stare at it.

It probably had been hunted down and then skinned of all its meat, probably by a carnivore of some sort. This was only a realization older, adult Angela had made after all the recurrences of the dream. Though at the time, younger Angela didn't really care. She just felt sorry for the animal; it did happen to be a stag with a rather impressive set of antlers.

"I'm sorry, Mister Deer, that you are dead. I bet you were a really nice deer. If you were still alive, I'd give you some strawberries and then we could be friends... We could all play rolling the yarn ball together, right Miss Cat?" She mumbled, finally giving it a light pat and then rub on the head of the skeleton in almost an endearing way as you would a dog.

Nothing happened for a moment. The cat gave a meow in reply, looking up at the young girl. The skeleton laid there and looked like it would never move again. Angela just stood there, once again fiddling with the ball of yarn. The wind whistled through the trees.

Then suddenly, the skeleton twitched. Parts of bones that laid apart from each other began to connect once again, then connecting with other parts, until the entire skeleton was together again. It lifted up its head to stare at the girl with its nonexistent eyes, then stood up on wobbly legs as if it was a newborn. Once it was standing, it practically towered over the girl. For a moment, it stood there proudly as if showing of its true size and impressive rack of antlers another time. Though it slowly lowered its head to the girl, as if it was a brave knight kneeling before its king.

Angela's eyes only got wider, and she didn't do anything for the longest moment. Fear had taken over her entire body, the emotion of pity she had felt now gone. The cat stared at the skeleton with wide eyes, it's lips raised up in a snarl yet nothing came out. The pair were terrified together, while the skeleton remained calm and kept its head lowered.

Slowly, tears welled up in the young girl's eyes and she quickly dashed away, back up the hill. The cat followed closely behind, only stopping to glance back every once in awhile at the deer. It had straightened back up again, and if it had eyes they probably would have looked pained and surprised at the same time. It stood there in a haunting way, before slowly beginning to move away from the spot. It didn't follow her; it simply began to walk away in the opposite direction. It wobbled on its legs, but continued to walk away.

As soon as Angela made it up the hill, she quickly ran over to her mother and hugged her legs. Tears were now streaming down her face, and instantly her mother began to comfort the girl and ask what had happened. Angela explained the best she could with the words she knew. The cat lingered behind, keeping his eyes on the forest. A glare lingered in its eyes, and if it could the cat would curse that wretched deer for upsetting the girl.

A witch always seemed to find out about their magic in the weirdest and oddest of ways.

Then the dream stopped. Angela would always jolt up in her sleep, breathing heavily and feeling tears once more well up in her eyes. She would be sweating quite a lot too, often times she would just end up changing clothes before deciding if she wanted to go to sleep once more. She usually didn't sleep for the rest of the night, rather just clutching onto her pillow or Fareeha for the rest of the night. It used to be considerably worse when she was younger, to the point where she would wake up her mother and make her stay up with her for the rest of the night.

Some would say she's overreacting to such a thing, but Angela knew she wasn't. She had a perfectly good reason as to why it bothered her so much.

It was still out there.

A witch's first use of magic always was their strongest and the hardest to redo or undo. Unless the skeleton had been smashed to complete bits where it couldn't pull itself together again, it was still out there. The magic was too strong not for it to wear off anytime soon, even after thirty years. It was still out there, walking around the forest and looking for the girl who gave it another chance at life. It had a debt to repay, and it would never forget that.

Nor was it a coincidence when she saw the fresh prints of deer hooves outside the door and surrounding the cottage. The scratches from antlers being scraped on the house were not a coincidence either. Once or twice, a visitor asked if any wild animal lived close by that she knew of because they saw movement in the darkness around the house. It knew she lived here, but yet it was too wary to show itself in the daylight. This always only occurred at night, and thankfully it didn't happen often. Though when it did, she didn't dare to even step outside the house for the next few days.

Tonight, it seemed like the dream was going to recur once again.

Angela woke up with a jolt, the actions of the dream replaying in her head. She sat straight up, and instinctively she went up to wipe the corners of her eyes. She repeated to herself what her mother would tell her when the dream first started to happen; to just try to relax, breathe in and out, and remember that it was only just a dream. She began to shake ever so slightly, bringing her legs up to her chest so she could hug them. The witch tried to keep herself as calm as possible, mostly in hope not to disturb the sleeping familiar that laid across from her. Though it seemed too late for that for Fareeha lazily opened her eyes a few seconds later and yawned. She took one quick glance at the other girl and instantly noticed that something was wrong. A look of concern quickly appeared on her face.

"Angela?"

The blonde looked over to the other woman upon hearing her name. She stumbled with words for a moment before finally saying, "Oh no, Fareeha. I'm sorry, I just woke you up—"

"No, no it's fine," the familiar interrupted her in a stern tone. "Really, it's fine. What has you in such an upset?"

A snuffle came from Angela, and she wrung her hands together. More tears proceeded to form in the corner of her eyes, but she quickly tried to wipe them away. The witch didn't say anything, so the familiar simply decided to guess at it.

"Bad dream?" It really hadn't been that hard to guess. Angela simply nodded yes with yet another snuffle.

"... Do you want to talk about it?" Fareeha asked, keeping her gaze on the girl. Despite being human form, she still had excellent night time vision.

Angela didn't say anything for a while, just continuing to sit there quietly except for her occasional snuffle. Fareeha stayed quiet herself, but there were words on the tip of her tongue. Another minute slowly dragged on, and then the two spoke at the same time.

"Yes."

"Come over here, please. If you want."

Angela blinked, her mouth hanging open. She was going to say something, but now she had something else to say.

"What did you say?"

"I um.... Said if you wanted to come over here, you can. I know you usually... Hugged me when I was a wolf when these things happened, so maybe... That'll help?" She paused all throughout the sentence, as if trying to choose the best words to say.

Once again, there wasn't a response from Angela. She stared at Fareeha, her mouth just a straight line. The familiar had a wary look on her face, but then it turned to something more like shame.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't of even mentioned it. I thought it might help—" Fareeha tried to go back on her words now, but was quickly interrupted by Angela.

"No no, don't be. It was nice of you to think of that. I actually think that would be nice, yes." She quickly said before the familiar could say anything else. Fareeha's eyes brightened, and there was the faintest thump of a wagging tail. Angela couldn't see it, but she was smiling too.

The blonde crawled over to the other woman, nearly tripping and falling on the other girl once. Though she made it over, and slowly curled up beside the taller person. She then peered up at the familiar's face, which she could tell in the dark since the familiar's eyes still had their faint glow like she had in her wolf form.

"You can um... Come closer if you want. I don't mind." Fareeha mumbled.

"Are you sure?" Angela quickly asked, keeping her gaze on the other woman. "Positive."

Fareeha lifted her arm enough for Angela to slide underneath it and snuggle up against the taller person. Fareeha then wrapped the arm slowly around the other girl's waist, as if to make her feel more secure and just safe in general. The other girl was quite warm, so Angela tried her best to press up against the other woman. She then couldn't help but bury her face against the other's

neck.

This was nice. Well, maybe that was an understatement. This felt wonderful. All the bad thoughts from before were beginning to fade as she kept snuggled up against the other woman.

"Feeling better now?" Fareeha asked quietly after the blonde seemed situated, which was replied with just a single "Mhm." The familiar couldn't help but chuckle lightly at this before asking once more, "Do you still want to talk about it?"

Angela slowly nodded, pulling reluctantly away so she could look at the other girl's face as she began talked. She explained everything to the familiar, pausing every once in awhile when she got to harder parts. Fareeha simply listened, pulling the blonde sometimes closer when she could tell it was hard for her to recall. She finished after a few minutes of talking, and then snuggled up against the familiar once again.

"Well..." Fareeha finally began to talk. "You... Don't need to worry about it. I'm here, and I'll protect you. That's a promise."

Angela mumbled a faint thank you and then fell asleep in just a matter of seconds. She didn't dream anything else for the rest of the night, but really she was thankful for that.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The first snowflakes of winter fell only a week or two after the dream. They didn't amount to much this time, however Angela couldn't help but break out her thickest sweaters and coziest blankets. She really detested the cold like no one else. The blonde wore sweaters from thin to thick year round, and she always dreaded opening the door for Fareeha so she could go outside since it always let the cold creep its way in for a few seconds. Thankfully, the cottage kept warmth quite well and rarely ever felt cold to its picky inhabitants.

Despite her hatred for the cold, Angela always went out during the first snow and preserved a few dozens of the small flakes. Bundled up in the thickest coat she owned, a wool scarf, and a fuzzy hat, she'd slowly creep out from the warm house and then look for the best clumps of snowflakes that fell around her and on her. When she found some or one to her liking, she'd quickly gather it up in her ungloved hands and mumbled a few foreign words that only another witch, familiar, or other magical being would know the meaning of. The snowflakes would lose their ability to melt and could be preserved for years. It had taken her years to master this spell, and she would boast it to any other witch and the like.

Fareeha just decided to watch from the window this year instead of following after her and playing with the snow. She had an odd liking towards it, and you'd often see her playing around in it. However, this year she didn't have her thick pelt to keep her warm in the cold, so she chose to stay inside instead.

This entire process took about two hours since snowflakes are very small and Angela was slightly picky when it came to matters like this. When she finally came in, she was shivering and mumbling about how she probably won't do this next year. Though that last bit would never go through; she had been doing this for years as a project of some sorts.

Fareeha quickly jumped up from her spot near the window and ran over to assist her, taking the damp jacket, scarf, and hat from Angela before she placed it down anywhere. There was a look of worry on her face by now due to just how much the other girl was shivering, so she quickly put the clothing in a place they could dry and then grabbed the blanket that Angela had always considered the warmest and softest. The familiar then placed it on the other girl, to which Angela quickly pulled it over her shoulders.

The witch gave a wary smile and mumbled a quick thank you to the other girl. Fareeha just nodded to this and then asked, "Colder out there than you expected?"

"Yes... It always is. I just hope I don't catch a cold like I always do after this, too. Though really, I'm not sure it's this that causes it."

The familiar couldn't help but give a light chuckle and nod at this. Angela always seemed to get a cold during the winter, which only added yet another reason to why she had a rather strong dislike for winter.

"Would you like some tea to help warm yourself up?" Fareeha asked as Angela made her way over to settle down on the couch. Only a low "Mhm" came from the blonde as she proceeded to pull as many blankets that were in her reach on top of her. The familiar couldn't help but watch her for a moment before rolling her eyes and chuckling once more. The worry she had only a few minutes earlier had already seemed to of faded away.

"I never thought I'd say this, but you're going to end up burning up with all those blankets on you," Fareeha said as she walked over to the small kitchen and begun to make tea.

"No, I won't. If there's one thing I'm incapable of doing, it's getting too warm," Angela quickly informed her in a matter-of-fact tone. The blonde also pulled yet another blanket on top of her. Fareeha had long since lost count of how many the witch had piled on top of herself.

"Uh-huh. Need I remind you of that time you did that one spell to try to melt some of the snow so your plants could possibly survive during the winter, and it backfired so badly that you laid down in the snow for a good hour and that still didn't help? Your temperature had to be through the roof that day. " The familiar glanced over to the girl with a smirk for a couple of seconds. Now only Angela's head was visible under the mass of blankets, though she looked pretty content with all the blankets.

"It's amazing how that spell didn't kill me! Though that has been the only time I've truly burned up, and even that doesn't really count! That was a spell, and once the words left my mouth I couldn't control it. I, however, can control the blankets," Angela replied with a frown.

"Better control of magic is what you really need. If you could control your magic better, that wouldn't of happened."

"I control my magic fine. It was a tricky spell anyway," the witch responded almost in a grumble. Really, Fareeha was right. However, Angela would never admit that she was.

"If you say so..."

The two then fell silent. Angela had regained her smile and stayed cuddled up underneath her blankets. Fareeha's gaze flicked back and forth from the witch to the kettle. She honestly was feeling a little bit proud of herself due to making the tea by herself. Finally, the familiar had learned.

Once the water was boiled and Fareeha had poured them both a cup of the steaming hot liquid, she walked back over to the couch. "Make some room for me if you don't mind. You'll also have to uncover your hands, too. I'm not going to hold your tea for you," the familiar said. Angela kicked off a few of the blankets to hopefully get her hands free and then moved over a little. The familiar then sat down beside her and handed Angela the cup filled to the brim with steamy tea once she was able to hold it.

At first, the two didn't do anything but simply drink their tea and enjoy each other's presence. This happened every once in awhile when they ran out of things to talk about or simply just wanted some peace and quiet. Though, Angela happened to quickly finish up her own cup of tea and place it down on the coffee table in front of her. This was usually unlike the witch; she usually drank her tea at a rather slow pace, as if to savor every single drop of the beverage. However, this hadn't been the case for a week or two.

As if it was an instinct, Fareeha raised her arm just high enough to where the blonde could go underneath it. There was something that almost sounded like a quiet sound of approval that came from the other girl, and it was only a few seconds before Angela had snuggled up against the other woman. She probably would of been there in even less time if she hadn't of had to kick off the good majority of those blankets.

Fareeha's arm then wrapped around the other girl's waist rather securely and then went back to her tea. Angela mumbled something about how Fareeha was much warmer than even her most favorite blanket, which made the familiar chuckle.

This had become a habit for the two ever since the dream incident occurred. Angela would find herself wanting and actually snuggling or cuddling with the familiar whenever she could. It probably had to do with just how warm and safe the familiar always made her feel whenever they did something like that. Fareeha was always happy to do so as well, and often times you could hear the faintest thump of a wagging tail.

However, Angela had never really thought much of it. They simply were just cuddling and snuggling for no real reason in particular, and it meant nothing more. Well, at least to Angela it didn't.

Amélie's letter were usually rather long ones which is not unusual for her. It was hard to get letters to Angela, so it was best to try to compact as many into a single letter as possible. For that reason, they always contained a variety of things such as catching up with Amélie's own life, new spells and potions for her to try, news concerning both the modern and magical world, and even sometimes a few small pictures. Though every once in awhile, it would be a package that would happen to be carrying a new or next book in a series Angela happened to be reading. Angela always awaited these letters or packages with great anticipation, and she was always thrilled when they arrived.

This one was actually rather short which Angela did not understand at first. However upon reading it, she had literally jumped with joy.

Inside the letter, it gave the dates of Amélie's annual visit to Angela's home. Every year, Amélie at least tried to visit Angela at least once. So far, she had done it for at least four years straight without any difficulty. Though if you wanted to count just the years the Frenchwoman had visited her at least once in total, it was probably a little over two decades. Amélie's own mother had brought her over to Angela's mother's house for as long as the blonde could remember, and since then they have been long distance friends.

The letter stated that she'd be here early December, about the third or fourth if the weather allowed her to do so. As the date grew closer and closer, Angela began to clean the little cottage from top to bottom. Usually, she rarely got this all finished in time. However with the help of Fareeha, she finished this time with a day to spare.

It was around the afternoon when they heard a loud knock at the door. Angela had her head rested on Fareeha's shoulder and had been reading aloud for both of them, which was almost a miracle itself because she had not been able to sit still the entire morning.

Like usual, Fareeha's arm had been securely wrapped around the witch's waist, and her ears had remained promptly perked to make sure she didn't miss a single word the other girl read or anyone knocking at the door.

Angela hopped up from the couch, the book now laying forgotten on the it. Fareeha stayed on the couch, ears flattened against her head. Despite knowing who it was, she still didn't like the idea of Angela really letting anyone in that she wasn't completely sure of. The witch had darted to the door by now and opened it with a big smile on her face.

"Bonjour—" the visitor tried to say, but she was quickly cut off.

"Amélie!" Angela practically squealed, wrapping her arms around the taller woman and giving her the biggest hug she possibly could. Amélie didn't hug back at first, a little taken off guard at the blonde's excitement. Though slowly, she returned it with a small smile on her face.

"Look at you! You look wonderful!" Angela exclaimed, leaving the embrace and taking a step back to look at her friend.

Amélie still had her long black hair that she kept in a ponytail, and she wore a lavender lipstick that complimented her own eye color. As odd as it was, her eyes were a light purple. The Frenchwoman always said that the eye color ran in her family, and that it was possibly due to their magic and just how strong it was. Her pale skin almost looked paler due to the cold despite the thick black coat and long pants she had on. She carried a tote bag as well that seemed close to bursting, and a small pet carrier was in her other hand. There was a lot of excited squeaking and scratching coming from the carrier; it seemed whoever was inside was ready to come running out.

"And you are looking even more wonderful," Amélie said with a small smile. "Though, something isn't right. Where's that grumpy familiar of yours? Usually you have to stop her from lunging at me." The other witch had never been really fond of Angela's familiar.

"She'd never lunge at anyone. She just isn't very fond of strangers like a lot of other canines. It's usually just me after all. Though actually... She isn't a wolf right now," Angela said with a smile as she gestured towards Fareeha, who was still sitting on the couch. The blonde also took a few more steps back to let Amélie into the house. She didn't want to leave her guest out in the cold for much longer, nor did she want to let anymore of the cold air into her home.

Amélie couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at this before entering the cottage. Her eyes instantly fell upon Fareeha, who still hadn't moved a muscle the entire time. The familiar's ears were still perked as she just simply stared back.

Though before Amélie could comment about the familiar's human appearance, a loud ruckus of squeaking and scratching came from the Frenchwoman's carrier. A quiet chuckle came from the Frenchwoman and she glanced to Angela.

"Mind if I let Lena out? She's rather excited, and she won't settle down till I let her. She isn't very fond of the carrier to begin with, but she loves getting to go just about anywhere. Especially when I go by broom..."

"I don't mind at all," Angela replied with a brisk nod. "Let me take your bag and coat too; I'll set it down on the table in the kitchen. No need for you to keep it on or carry that around now." After taking off her coat and giving it along with the bag to Angela, Amélie placed the pet carrier on the coffee table and opened it. Fareeha watched with great interest, but upon seeing the creature she had to suppress a growl. She had never been fond of squirrels.

The Red Squirrel with a little red bow tied around its neck instantly scampered out, bright eyes studying everything in the room. The jingle of a small bell could be heard as the squirrel did which came from the bow. It sniffed the air for a few seconds, whiskers twitching. Then finally after a little twitch of the tail, it looked up to Amélie and gave a satisfied squeak. Amélie instantly gained a soft smile on her face, and she gave the squirrel a soft pat on its head with a single finger. Another satisfied squeak came from the squirrel, and it nuzzled the finger.

"Aw! She's even cuter than I remembered!" Angela said, looking at the little creature. The blonde had nursed injured or sick squirrels that Fareeha had brought to her or she had found herself, but none of them had looked anything remotely like Amélie's familiar. For that reason along with its magical abilities, Angela had always been fascinated by the little squirrel.

"She is adorable," Amélie replied, standing back up. She then said a few words that only Angela, Fareeha, and the squirrel knew the meaning of. Instantly, the squirrel was surrounded in a small cloud of light gray smoke. Then a few seconds later, a perky brunette with the biggest smile on her face sat where the squirrel had once been.

She had a hairstyle you wouldn't see everyday, but it seemed to fit the familiar quite well. She had dark brown eyes and plenty of freckles. The brunette wore a striped chocolate brown and light brown suit vest with a white long sleeved dress shirt underneath. The thin red bow with the bell was still there, placed right where a tie would be. A pair of dark blue jeans were soon to follow. No ears or tail were present; this was due to a cloaking spell that Amélie kept on the familiar at all times. It also prevented the familiar from speaking in animal form, hence why she didn't earlier.

"Thanks, love!" Lena chirped with a big smile as she jumped up off the table. "I like this form a lot better! After all, I'm not usually in my squirrel one!"

Amélie just mumbled something about how it made it easier to transport her while Angela excused herself to make them all some tea. Fareeha remained as quiet and still as ever, but she watched with great interest. Though she was tempted to follow after Angela went off to make tea.

"It's okay though!" Lena went on, giving the Frenchwoman a quick hug that was more like a squeeze and a quick peck on the cheek. "I know why you have to do it! I really doubt your broom could balance two people... Or can it? Have you ever tried? We should try when we go back if you haven't!" The brunette seemed to dart from topic to topic just like a squirrel would from tree to tree.

Amélie, now a little flustered from Lena's affections, tried her best to reply as clearly as possible. "Well... No I haven't, but I believe two people would throw off the balance of it. Plus you probably wouldn't sit still long enough to stay on the broom, and I'd much rather you not fall off the broom. You aren't a flying squirrel after all."

"No I wouldn't! I'm not that stupid. Though maybe you could turn me into a flying squirrel! Then I could fly along beside you."

"That isn't how a flying squirrel works," Fareeha said, joining in on their conversation. They both looked over to her, and Amélie nodded in agreement with the other familiar. Lena just frowned.

Thankfully, Angela came back right before any little arguments took place over a flying squirrel and its abilities. She carried two cups of tea, gave one to both Amélie and Lena, and then hared off to get Fareeha and herself a cup. Fareeha still wanted to get up and help Angela if she needed any, but by now she probably didn't. Instead she just watched with great anticipation of her returning. Amélie found herself a seat in an armchair that was across from the couch, and Lena took to just sitting on the arm of the chair.

The blonde came back only a minute or two later with two more cups. She handed one to her own familiar before sitting down beside her. She then looked at the other two with an expectant look and a soft smile on her face.

"Well?" Angela said.

"Fareeha says that I couldn't fly along with Amélie on her broom if I was flying squirrel!" Lena quickly responded with the same frown on her face. Angela mouthed an oh. Amélie gave a quiet sigh and facepalmed. Fareeha simply rolled her eyes and replied, "Because it's the truth."

"Is not! Why else would they be called flying squirrels?"

"Have you ever met a flying squirrel?"

"Well... No..."

"Exactly."

Lena huffed and grumbled; there was no way she could win this little argument. The two witches exchanged glances and then couldn't help but laugh. This only made Lena grumble even more.

Thankfully, they didn't stay on that topic for much longer. There was so much for Amélie and Angela to talk about, and they didn't want to waste a moment of it. Only a few moments later after the flying squirrel discussion, a conversation quickly came up between the two and continued for a rather long time till the topics switched. The witches did most of the talking, but the familiars gave their own input when they wanted. Though for Lena, this was all the time. She could talk a mile a minute and talk just about anything. Her gaze would also shift from person to person as if she was keeping check of something. Fareeha was the opposite, choosing to stay quiet but giving her own input every once in awhile. She seemed to enjoy just listening in on the conversation and seeing how much joy it gave Angela to talk to the other witch.

They made it through an entire kettle of tea in no time at all, but Amélie decided against another one. So Angela decided not to make another and ended up doing what she did now when both Fareeha and her were done drinking tea: she snuggled up against the other girl.

The blonde didn't do it right away, instead deciding to hint at it. She tapped Fareeha's arm a few times while listening to Amélie talk about a new study she had started with spiders, and Fareeha only looked at her with a confused look until she understood what the blonde was asking for. Fareeha lifted up her arm, Angela slipped underneath it and pressed up against the other girl, and Fareeha's arm wrapped around her waist. The blonde quickly gained a very satisfied smile while Fareeha gained a look that was more prideful than anything. She had a smug smile on her face, and her ears were promptly perked on her head. You probably would of heard a loud thump of a tail if she could of wagged it at that time.

Angela then looked back over to Amélie, and her satisfied expression turned into a confused one.

Lena and Amélie were gawking at the two. They didn't say anything at first, just simply stared at them in silence. Though, after a complete minute of silence, Lena mumbled, "I told you that my predictions about the future have never been wrong, and you didn't believe me."

"Your prediction was too hard to believe this time," Amélie replied.

"Yet here is exactly what I predicted, so I can't help but say I told you so."

"Excuse me, but can one of you explain what you are talking about?" Angela butt in on their conversation. Fareeha looked just as confused as Angela did.

"Yes, if you don't mind to," Fareeha added.

Amélie and Lena looked over to Angela and Fareeha, and neither of them said anything or did anything. Angela and Fareeha only seemed to grow more confused by every passing second until Amélie just gestured at the two and slowly said, "Are you two... A couple?"

Angela quickly sat up and pulled away from her familiar. A bright red blush had crept across her face along with a frown. "What? Of course not! She's my familiar! I would never like her like that!" the blonde exclaimed.

"There's nothing wrong with liking your familiar like that, you know!" Lena said to Angela, but her gaze stayed on Fareeha.

Fareeha did not have any look of embarrassment on her face, but instead she had an expression of both shock and sadness mixed together. Her ears were completely flattened back. Though that wasn't what Lena was necessarily looking at.

Lena then whispered something to Amélie who had been informing Angela that there was again nothing wrong with being in a romantic relationship with a familiar, and the Frenchwoman just paused and mumbled a concerned oh. Though she was quick to return to talking to Angela, but glanced over to the Fareeha with a concerned look every now and then. The familiar never seemed to notice; it seemed like she was rather distracted and thinking about something else.

That conversation didn't last for much longer since Angela really didn't think there was anything wrong with it. It was more like a foreign idea to her more than anything, despite Amélie being in a romantic relationship with Lena. She just didn't deal with it a lot. They easily drifted back to the topic before. Fareeha stayed completely silent for the rest of the day and kept her gaze locked on her hands. Angela had moved a significant distance from her familiar and didn't notice Fareeha. Really, all her attention was on Amélie since she didn't see her very often. Lena kept quiet herself, but would glance over to look at Fareeha every so often.

The day went by quicker than any of them would of expected, and it became time for Amélie to take her leave. It was close to sun down, and Amélie always liked to try to make her way home in a single ride. She didn't mind the darkness either, though Angela was not very sure how she could fly in it.

They said their goodbyes rather reluctantly and gave one last short hug. Amélie then got bundled back up in her coat and walked out of the little cottage with Lena following right after her. She didn't change Lena back right away, instead she changed her back outside. However, the two had a few things to talk about before she did that.

"Are the two going to be okay? Your prediction was a rather odd one, and I have a feeling it's going to leave Angela a little shaken if anything," Amélie said as she retrieved her broom that had been laying up against the house.

"More than shaken in my opinion," the familiar replied, "that deer has been bothering her since her childhood, and it's the one thing that terrifies her more than anything else. It gives me the creeps too; I made the bad decision to go back in time one day to watch that memory play out. Absolutely terrifying if you asked me!"

"So that's where you went that day? I couldn't find you the entire day, and I was afraid you had been caught by a dog or something."

"Me? Get caught by a dog? Never! I'm way too fast for them to even dream about catching me!" She flashed the witch a smile, even though she probably couldn't see it due to dark.

Amélie couldn't help but laugh at the familiar's statement and mumble an "Uh-huh", but the moment of pleasure quickly faded. She looked back over to the house with a concerned expression. "I can't help but feel bad for Fareeha though. Her aura really changed that quickly when Angela said that?"

"Yup. Probably the quickest I've ever seen one change, and it really was only negative colors ones even after that."

"And for her to go through that again; seems like she can't catch a break. What was it you said again? She had a witch before that decided to change Fareeha into a human, and Fareeha ended up falling for her too?" Amélie asked to make sure she had all her facts straight.

"Yup, though it didn't end well as you can see. That witch wasn't too happy with that and ended up practically kicking her out. She then got a new familiar only a few days later, and Fareeha was now witch-less and heartbroken. That's why I think she never talked before when she was in wolf form; she probably doesn't want the same thing to happen like it did before," Lena informed her

once more. Telling the Frenchwoman this always reminded her to be thankful that Amélie wasn't like that.

"And yet it's happening all over again," the witch said. She then quickly added, "Though it's going to end well this time, won't it? Surely Angela feels the same way. Honestly, I'd be surprised if she didn't."

"Oh, don't worry. She totally does. I knew that the second I walked in; her aura says it very plainly. It turned the brightest pink when she started talking about Fareeha. The matter is whether she'll act on it or not. She's gonna be forced to soon, so you'll see."

"Oh, why don't you tell me the ending now or at least when we get home?" Amélie asked as if it was but a simple bedtime story.

Lena couldn't help but smirk. "Maybe. I'll think about it on our way home. Though I don't know if we'll make it home now since we've been talking for so long here. It's freezing too." Amélie couldn't see it, but the familiar was shivering.

"Fine fine. Let me change you real quick and then get into your carrier. By the way, it isn't funny chasing you around for thirty minutes to get you inside."

Lena giggled at this and then mumbled, "Spoiler alert, but we aren't gonna make it home in the end. You'll end up stopping somewhere in Germany because you accidentally go the wrong way. Hope you brought your passport!"

With that, Amélie, now greatly annoyed, promptly turned the familiar back into her animal form. It was only a few seconds later did the sound of little claws scratching soft plastic and a few squeaks made Amélie finally closed the carrier's door and got onto her broom. She was now going to try to rewrite time and hopefully make it into her destination was France instead of Germany.

Angela was practically half asleep when Fareeha finally came into the room. The familiar hadn't said any reason why she came in so late. Though, really she hadn't said anything for a very long time. The witch had tried to talk to her, but it didn't seem like she really wanted to talk. So she decided to leave her alone and told her to come to bed whenever she wanted to. The blonde was worn out from both talking all day and the excitement that came from it, and all she really wanted to do now was go to bed. It honestly was a surprise that she was still somewhat awake.

Fareeha tried to come in as quietly as she could to not disturb Angela even though she was awake. The blonde cleared her throat and said, "Fareeha, you are up a little late."

The familiar stopped dead in her tracks as if she was a deer caught in headlights and looked over to the witch. She then slowly mumbled a quiet yeah and then continued to walk over to the side of the bed. Once there, she crawled onto the bed but did not lay down. Instead, she just sat there.

Angela raised an eyebrow at this and then sat up herself. This wasn't how Fareeha acted normally; usually she would of snuggled up against the other girl and wrap an arm around her waist. However, she didn't and the blonde was now concerned.

"Fareeha, is there something wrong? You know you can tell me anything."

The familiar was quiet for a moment, simply looking down at her hands. Her ears stayed flattened back, and the usual thump of her tail wagging was nowhere to be heard. Instead it stayed curled around her the best it could, almost like what a cat would do. Though the only thing Angela could see in the darkness were her golden eyes.

"Did... Did you actually mean what you said early?" Fareeha finally mumbled, looking over to the witch.

Angela stared at her, but didn't say anything. Fareeha only met her gaze before slowly adding, "That... You didn't like me... Like that."

"What? No, I do like you. I really do, but I don't like you... Like the way Amélie does with Lena," Angela tried to correct herself, but even to her that didn't really sound like the truth. She hadn't... Really thought about it before.

The familiar didn't respond at all, simply continuing to stare at her witch. Though after a few seconds, she then sternly said, "I'd like to be turned back into my other form again."

"Huh?" the witch said, clearly very shocked.

"I'd like to be turned back into my other form again," the familiar repeated herself almost in a growl this time. Her gaze was beginning to turn into a glare.

Angela opened her mouth to respond, but she wasn't sure what to say. To ask why she wanted to be turned back was now obvious, yet she didn't know how to respond to the answer. Instead, she took an almost unsteady breath and slowly mumbled the spell backwards. The smoke surrounded the familiar almost instantly, and a minute later a wolf sat where the human had once been.

The canine didn't stay for long. It quickly hopped up with a huff and jumped off the bed. It gave a low growl as it slipped out of the door, and you could easily see her ears still flattened back and every piece of her hair bristled. You could easily tell she was now aggravated, but not with Angela. It seemed to be with itself.

The witch just sat there, staring at where the familiar had disappeared off to. She didn't do anything but stare for the longest of times, but then she finally heaved a sigh. For once in her life, she felt truly alone. It almost felt like for once, the little cottage was actually becoming cold.

Angela then slowly laid down once more, her head now swarming with many new thoughts and ideas. While there were many, there were two that she knew were more probable than anything.

The first was that her familiar was in love with her, and Angela had no doubt in her mind about this.

The second was that Angela was too, and really she had never thought about love in the first place.

Chapter End Notes

Here is chapter three, just a few days shy of Christmas! So happy holidays to all of you!

I hope you enjoy this chapter! It isn't as long as the second one, but it does have Amélie and Lena in it! Hopefully, an idea will strike me and I'll come up with their own little story.

Comments are always very appreciated! I absolutely love each and every one of your comments, and I thank all of you for leaving one! I love just getting to read through them.

Lena spoils everything too in this fanfiction, but she's actually given some hints about what'll happen in the next chapter!

Not sure when I'll get the next chapter up, but hopefully soon! I'll start writing it when the holiday season is over.

Again, thank you for reading and I hope you enjoy!

((Also, if you want to ask any questions regarding this AU or when the next chapter will be done, just ask on my tumblr. It's tea-in-a-mug. Also if you happen to play Overwatch on Xbox and just want someone to play with, I can give you my gamertag!))

Chapter Four - Final

Chapter Notes

Small mentioning of blood in Chapter Four

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A heavy sigh came from Angela as she walked back over to the spot she had been choosing as of late. It was the arm of the couch, and it had a perfect view of the clearing in front of the cottage. There was at least a couple of inches of snow on the ground like a perfect white blanket. Usually Angela found this to be rather pretty to look at, but it only alarmed her this time.

The witch hadn't seen Fareeha in a couple of days, at least not since she left Angela's room that night. At the thought of this, Angela couldn't help but frown. The grip on her new mug of tea tightened at the thought of it again. How she wished she could just go back in time and change what she had said... None of this would have ever happened.

Instead of thinking over her many thoughts for probably the twentieth or thirtieth time, she instead forced her gaze and attention back to the window. She looked over every little detail that made up the outside of her cottage, simply hoping that there would be just one change that showed her familiar had been there. This was never like her; there was always some sort of evidence that the wolf had been there that day or night. Whether it was just faint paw prints in the snow or new nose smudges against the window, it was just enough to keep Angela's worries at bay.

Believe her, she had tried to coax the wolf back into the house with everything the familiar liked. She had called her name until her voice was hoarse from doing it so much. Nothing ever proved to be anywhere near successful; none of it had even got the wolf to appear. Trying to track down or chase after Fareeha was a death wish at this time of the year, and if it wasn't the witch would be out searching for her now.

Angela let out another long sigh after checking over everything that was outside. Nothing had changed at all except for probably another centimeter of snow being added to the ground. Any old paw prints from yesterday and the days before were long gone now, which only made Angela's heart sink even more. The sun was beginning to set too, so she could no longer watch for the familiar like she had been doing all day since she noticed. She tried her best not to lose any hope, but the fact there was still no sign of Fareeha was beginning to wear her down.

Angela couldn't help but blame herself for everything that had happened. If only she had just said what she had felt at that exact moment, instead of letting her judgement give the answer. It wasn't like it was unheard of a witch and familiar in a human form being in love, but it still had many mixed views on the matter. Angela herself had never really dove very deep into the matter, mainly because she never thought it'd happen to her. Really, she had expected to probably be single for all of her life. It more just struck her as a little odd, but so did the entirety of love for one thing. She had never been in love before, so how was she suppose to tell anyway?

Taking another sip of her tea, her gaze fell to the cup she was holding in her hand. Sure, she had read plenty of her mother's old romance novels that she couldn't bring herself to throw out. Though, she had always thought of them as rather cheesy books and not the best depiction. There were novels that she had read with romance entwined within the plot too, but that didn't give the clearest line either. She had also read a few love potion recipes simply out of boredom one

evening, but that didn't teach her much either. Suppose there wasn't really a way to define the word or when someone was in love, but surely there were signs to tell it.

Maybe a sign was when she first saw her familiar in her human form. After all, she did instantly think Fareeha was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen in her life. Though probably not, since looks weren't everything. Just thinking about this made the blonde's cheeks turn a soft pink, and a small smile appeared on her face.

It could of also been the simple charisma of Fareeha that had captivated her heart. Her eagerness to try new things with plenty of excitement, her curiosity that lead to hour long conversations, her playful teasing, her willingness to help Angela with everyday chores and the like, and the comfort the familiar was happy to give when the witch needed were just some of the many traits Angela loved about Fareeha. It always made her happy to get to wake up to the familiar everyday. It made her days much more interesting, and she no longer felt alone like she use to when nobody came to her home.

She also loved getting to snuggle with the familiar when they went to bed at night. It was always so much warmer when they did, and Angela always felt safe with Fareeha's arm wrapped around her. She hasn't had her most dreaded dream since they first began doing so, and she was more than thankful of this.

The warm blush that spread across her face, the shy smile that would always appear on her face, and the simple happiness that Angela had from simply thinking about the familiar were signs, the witch had concluded. There were others too, but these were some of the most recurring for the witch.

Angela took another sip of her now lukewarm tea, having forgotten about it during all her thinking. Her smile had not yet faded.

Angela was in love with Fareeha, no doubt about it. Now all she needed to do was to find and tell the familiar and fix everything too, which was the hard part.

She looked back up the window one last time. The last bit of light was almost gone, leaving behind what would be pitch black darkness if not for the full moon. With the moon's own shine, you could still make out some shapes, especially if they were white. The witch looked over everything and then looked over it again. Her eyes widened.

Then she shrieked in suprise at something she could easily make out in the darkness and nearly fell off the arm of the chair in shock. It was here at last, finally making its grand appearance after all these years.

At the very corner of the clearing where a just few bare trees stood, the faint outline of a deer skeleton stood. Dark, eyeless sockets stared back at Angela's fearful one. Neither being dared to move for a second, until the skeleton began to take slow steps towards the cottage.

As it came closer to view, the many years of its second life began to show. Streaks of mud and dirt covered it's legs that had been there for who knows how long, unable to be cleaned by a stream for the bones were too weak to uphold against any moving water. Many bones had obvious cracks that would have fallen apart if magic wasn't holding them together, and others had chips or scuffs from years of scrambling and climbing up the mountainous landscape it lived in. A huge crack in the middle of the skull was visible, and it was astonishing the skull still stayed together. Inside its rib cage were twigs and leaves that got in by accident and now couldn't escape. Dead leaves stabbed into the deer's points now adorned it's antlers. As it drew closer, the quiet sound of rattling bones could be heard.

The deer was in shambles, and yet it was still waiting for the witch who had given him another chance.

Angela was frozen with fear as it came closer to the window. It was like she had lost the ability to move or even say anything.

It continued its slow walk that almost looked painful. It would stumble many times as it walked, once even falling all the way to the snow covered ground with a soft thump and rattle of bones. It didn't get up for the longest time, instead looking up to Angela like a dog would. For a moment, Angela felt guilt.

Finally, it got up with unsteady legs and a new cracked rib. It made it over to the window, and it peered into the window. Even without eyes, Angela knew it was looking at her.

"What... Do you want?" the witch croaked out in a wary voice.

No reply came. It continued to "stare" back at her, not even moving now.

"Why... Do you not just leave? All I have done is ignored you since I brought you back. I've treated you horribly and done nothing for you. Why do you choose to stay? Why do you even come back after I've left you alone all these years?" Her voice grew stronger as she spoke.

"Why... Do you not leave me? Why do you not... Do what Fareeha did?" Her voice fell back down to barely above a whisper.

That was truly her biggest worry and one of her biggest fears. For Fareeha to leave her and serve under a new witch. For her only company to get up and leave her for good. For her to lose the most important person in her life.

"No. The wolf hasn't."

Angela could barely hear it, but the faintest of whispers could be heard. With no other possible candidate besides the deer, it had to be it.

"What?"

"The wolf is still here."

Angela mouthed a quiet oh, but quickly shut herself up as the whispery voice continued.

"I have seen the wolf often around. I know where the wolf is now. However, the wolf may not be able to be there long. The wolf is losing time."

"Wait, what do you mean? 'The wolf is losing time?'" Instantly, Angela's fear came rushing back. The deer possibly couldn't mean... No, surely it didn't.

"The wolf has been wounded. I have no knowledge of how, but the wolf has. I came upon her, and the wolf cried for the witch because the wolf said the witch can help. I came to get the witch."

Instantly, Angela got up and dashed over to the door. She didn't even bother grabbing a coat for herself, rather getting a thick blanket and a flashlight. She then rushed out of the cottage and turned to the skeleton. It still stood at the window, but it looked over to the blonde. The small bones that would of been its tail seemed to wag like a dog's tail would.

"Please. Bring me to her as fast as you can."

"I will try, but you will have to forgive me for I cannot walk very fast."

In a few single seconds, the cracks in the deer's legs began to disappear and instead look perfect again. It only took but a few seconds, and the deer only looked up at Angela and simply whispered, "Thank you."

"I'll fix you right up when we get back, but we need to go find Fareeha right now." Despite the fear and worry, Angela flashed the deer a small smile.

"No need to say another word," the deer whispered back and began bounding off. Flicking on her flashlight, Angela began to race after the skeleton. She tried her best to keep up, but the deer was going at full speed. It had barely been able to move anywhere without stumbling only a few minutes earlier, but it now could bound ahead like when it was in its youth.

Eventually, the deer slowed down to match Angela's pace. They continued to keep a good pace, and eventually came across a very small clearing. Small saplings poked up from the snow, and trees of all shapes and sizes grew at every corner. It was almost an amazement Angela and the deer made it through the dense forest that surrounded it. At the corner of the clearing laid a mound of black and gold fur. Speckles of red dotted the snow around the familiar, and it only got worse as you got closer.

Angela quickly dashed over to the wolf and looked all over it, trying to find the wound. The deer came over a few seconds later, simply to watch. The only noise was a single weak whimper that came from Fareeha and the sound of the wind.

It didn't take long for Angela to find the wound; there were plenty of scratches, but a deep, long gash that ran across her stomach was what was causing the real problem. It was still bleeding almost profusely; a pool of blood had gathered and continued to grow that seeped into the snow that the familiar laid upon.

Angela quickly got to work, placing her hands on top of the wound and mumbling a healing spell that would close the wound. A scar would still remain, but that was the least of the troubles.

After closing up the wound and wiping her hands in the snow, Angela then unfolded the blanket she had brought along and wrapped the wolf up in it. It had seemed by this point the familiar had fallen unconscious, probably due to all the blood loss. Angela was sure she had lost a lot, especially considering how much it had bled simply in the time she has been there.

The witch then scooped the familiar up and stood up, being careful to do so as gentle and as slowly as possible. Fareeha was still weak and would probably take a few days to simply recover, even with the aid of Angela's magic. She then looked down to the deer skeleton who continued to stand still and silent.

"Thank you... For bringing her to me."

"It was my pleasure," it whispered back. "I am just thankful you were able to save the wolf," the skeleton added. "I would miss the wolf's songs. The songs are sometimes the only thing that I hear at night; the songs are pretty. A few of them are about you, you know. Or at least dedicated to you."

"Oh, really? I never knew..." Angela replied back, almost in a mumble. She could easily feel her guilt beginning to creep back.

"Yes. The wolf has been singing mostly those songs as of lately. Those songs are the prettiest as well as the saddest. They sound... Almost lonely in a way."

"Oh..." Angela murmured, and her hold on Fareeha tightened. Her heart was now heavy with guilt once more. To the witch, it was her fault. If she had only taken a moment to think instead of just speaking, this would have never happened.

Before the deer could continue any more, she quickly said, "Let's head back. I need to get Fareeha back so I can continue to help her, as well as get you fixed up too. You are staying inside now too; it's about time I make up for all those years of poor judgement and unjust treatment."

The deer did a few excited jumps, just like a fawn in the springtime would as it played. The gratitude of the skeleton didn't need to be said at all.

"However... Would you mind to lead the way back? I've never happened to venture over here before, and I have a feeling our tracks have already been covered."

"It would be my pleasure," the deer replied.

Sunlight began to stream through the window, announcing it was finally morning time. At least a good couple of inches of snow sat on the windowsill. The room was silent but warm and cozy.

A person was curled up underneath a thin blanket, sleeping soundly despite last night's events. Another person had stayed with her all night long, but had went off to go make some tea for herself. Instead, a skeleton stood in her place, quiet and still.

As soon as a beam of sunlight hit the person's face, she woke up with a quiet groan. A string of Arabic words came from the person, and she opened her eyes. She looked suprised for a moment, staring at first at her surroundings, then herself and then solely at her hands. The events of last night slowly began to come flooding back to her, and she let out a low grumble.

"Are you alright, wolf?" The skeleton asked quietly, taking a few steps over to the bed.

Fareeha opened both of her eyes and looked over to the skeleton, a bit suprised. Although, she didn't seem suprised over the fact it was a deer skeleton that was talking.

"What... Are you doing here?" the familiar asked in a hoarse voice. She then coughed and cleared her throat, in hopes of improving her current voice.

If a skeleton could smile, this one would be. "The witch let me in and even restored my bones. If the wolf will allow me to be vain, just look at how handsome I look!" He seemed to strike a little pose as he said this; he raised his head higher, showing his set of antlers that he had always been proud of. Fareeha nodded and agreed that he looked very nice now.

"And," he began once again, clicking his hooves on the floor in excitement. "The witch even gave me a name!"

"She did...?" Fareeha tilted her head a little bit, now curious.

"Yes! As the witch and I were waiting for you to wake up, the witch also chose a name to give me since the witch said that I needed a proper name."

Hearing something of interest, Fareeha paused for a moment before saying anything. Angela must have tried to stay up some of the night if not all night to wait for the familiar and also must have changed her during her sleep back to her human form. The familiar quickly looked over the room and didn't see any sign of Angela. The familiar would ask about the blonde in a moment, once the skeleton was done telling her about its name. Despite no response from Fareeha, he was still talking.

"The name the witch gave me was Trumpet. The witch said because of the way my bones always announce my own presence, just like a trumpet does," he said quietly but with obvious pride.

"It sounds very thoughtful and unique too. I like it for you," the familiar replied.

"I like it a lot too!" Trumpet replied, clicking his hooves once again. He was obviously very happy with everything that the witch had done for him.

Before Fareeha could ask about Angela, there were a couple of slow, unsure knocks at the door. Both the deer and familiar looked over to the door, but the familiar didn't dare speak. Instead, she began to try to sit up. Trumpet was slow to respond, but he finally walked over to the door and said in his whispery voice: "The wolf has woken up, witch." It then took a few steps away from the door to let the person on the other side in. The door opened by only a crack at first and then opened completely.

The first thing Fareeha noticed was that Angela looked completely exhausted and worried. There were slightly dark circles forming underneath her eyes, and she simply seemed tired too. Her hair was in probably the messiest ponytail the familiar had ever seen it in, and the familiar still believed she was wearing the same clothes she had worn yesterday. She held a mug of tea in one hand. Worry had been the only emotion on her face when she had opened the door, but now relief had washed over her face right when she laid eyes on Fareeha. She gave a small smile at the sight of her familiar awake.

She made her way over to Fareeha's side of the bed rather quickly. The familiar acted almost like a deer caught in headlights until Angela came over and gave her the tightest and biggest hug the woman could muster. The familiar didn't return it right off from the start, but she eventually ended up returning the hug in the end. Though if she was going to be honest, she had expected Angela to be mad at her.

The blonde then pulled away and looked at the familiar before a small smile appeared on her face. "I'm so glad you're safe," Angela mumbled, her smile only growing. "I... Was so afraid of losing you; you have no idea... When Trumpet brought me to you and I first saw you, I was sure that you were..." She trailed off, looking down at her hands. The corner of her eyes were beginning to water. Fareeha said nothing at all.

"It was even risky changing you back when you were so weak too, maybe even just as risky... Magic can be very fickle sometimes, as you know. I mean, of course you know that, you tell me that all the time," she continued on, glancing back and forth from her own hands to Fareeha's face. "I can't believe I even stayed as calm as I did, honestly. I guess helping so many animals and humans has helped me learn to be calm and stay that way during times like that, I suppose. Oh goodness, look at me. I'm rambling like I usually do." The witch gave an awkward laugh.

"It's... Fine. Your rambling, that is," Fareeha said quietly with a hint of uncertainty in her voice. The familiar almost sounded like the first time she had ever spoken. Fareeha also could of sworn she saw the witch's eyes brighten at simply the sound of the familiar's voice. "That's good to hear. You're probably use to it anyway, huh? You've been my familiar for countless years now, after all," Angela replied, giving her another small smile before it faded away.

"Anyway," the witch began again. Her gaze quickly shifted back to her hands, which she had now began to rub together in nervousness. "I switched you back for a reason. I wouldn't of done it if I didn't since like I said, it was a risky move. But... I needed to be able to hear you, and you don't talk whenever you're in wolf form. I don't know if you do that by choice or whatever, but... I just needed to be able to because I have something to tell you that I think you'll really like to hear."

Fareeha's eyes widened, and she looked at the witch in fear. This was it, she was sure of it.

Angela was going to tell her that she no longer wanted her as her familiar and that she wanted her to leave right away. Fareeha was absolutely sure of it. It was what her past witch had done so Angela was going to surely do exactly the same. She suppressed letting out a whine, instead flattening her ears completely down against her head. Angela then began, and the familiar listened in worry and fear.

"I... I want to take back everything that I said before. I don't even know what I was thinking when I said that. I can barely believe I even let myself say all of that because it was... Not true, not even a little bit of it." The witch then paused, looking up to meet Fareeha's gaze. The familiar now looked rather confused, tilting her head to one side as a dog would.

"I don't think I understand. What do you mean?" Fareeha asked.

"What I mean is... I do actually like you, Fareeha. Wait no... I actually love you. Do you get what I mean? I'm not sure if you say something else or... I don't know. I'm already making a fool of myself, I just know it." The witch then gave a sigh and chuckled rather awkwardly.

Fareeha just stared at her, now in complete disbelief. She was completely shocked hearing the answer the witch was giving her and could barely believe it. She couldn't even speak; she just stood there, practically gawking at Angela as she continued to ramble on about how to convey what she was saying to the familiar.

"I suppose for you, it would be called wanting to be your um... Mate, but you can see that's almost embarrassing for me to say. Just not use to thinking about or saying it like that, I guess. Does that make more sense to you?" Angela asked, looking over to Fareeha in hope of seeing or hearing any type of response. Still, not a single response came from the familiar.

"I just... It took me a while to realize it. I hadn't even really thought about the idea, you know? It just never crossed my mind. I mean, considering how I live and me being a witch and all, I never really thought I'd fall in love. But here I am, doing just that, with you," she said, looking back down to her hands. "When you left me... I realized just how much you matter to me. Just how your simple presence makes me so happy and everything else. I missed you so much, more than you'll probably ever know. I never want to lose you again, please."

"Do..." Fareeha finally mumbled out which instantly made the witch stop talking. "Do... You really mean that?"

"Of course I do. Why would I not?" the blonde said, giving her another smile. "I love you. A lot. I have for the longest time, but like I said I didn't realize it." She then paused for a moment, her gaze returning back to her hands. "I just hope that your own feelings haven't changed since what happened. Have they? I mean, I understand if they—"

"No, not at all. They would never change in a million years," the familiar quickly cut her off. She had gained a huge grin on her face by now. The thumping of a happy tail could easily be heard. "I don't... Think I could ever love someone as much as I do you, Angela."

A bright red blush quickly spread across the witch's cheeks, which she tried to cover with her hands. "Oh stop it, Fareeha," Angela mumbled quietly.

"I'm only telling you the truth."

The witch couldn't help but now smile and mumble, "You're absolutely wonderful, Fareeha." The familiar just grinned back, feeling like she was the happiest familiar in the entire world.

The witch then gave her one hug. Despite the confession beforehand, it was a rather short one. It

was, however, still as sweet and lovely as ever. Angela was careful to not hug her too tight since she still was recovering from the night before. Fareeha was quick to return it, still with a huge grin on her face and a wagging tail. She just simply ignored the pain that came from sitting up which was rather easily done since she was beyond happy.

"I... Really am happy you're back. I was so afraid that I was... really going to lose you forever. That you'd never back and I'd never see you again... You'd go to serve under a new witch, and I honestly don't even want to fathom that," Angela quietly mumbled as they hugged.

The familiar pulled back from the hug which surprised the witch. The familiar had a thought look on her face as she looked over the other. The blonde had gained a rather confused look on her face by now, and she was about to say something before the familiar did yet another thing that surprised her.

Fareeha had captured her lips in a kiss, which Angela had not been expecting at all but would happily accept. It was a rather short one, but just as meaningful and sweet as if it had been a long one. They broke apart only a few seconds later.

"I would never leave you, Angela. Never. You are too important to me just to simply leave. Even if I hadn't gotten hurt, even if you... you completely gave up on me, I wouldn't even dare leave this part of the mountain. I love you too much to leave you," Fareeha began. "It killed me just to leave you for these past few days, even though I was a little aggravated with you. I kept worrying that something would happen to you, and I wouldn't be there to help you at all. That's why I couldn't stop myself from coming back these past few days, too. I just had to make sure you were safe. I would've never forgiven myself if something happened to you that I could of prevented if I had been there." Fareeha then flashed her a smile, "But now, neither of us have to worry. I'm here, and I'm not going to ever be leaving your side as long as I can help it."

Angela's face was the brightest pink, but she still kept a smile on her face. She hugged the familiar once again and said, "Oh Fareeha, you don't understand how happy I am to hear that!" Though, she was rather quick to release the familiar from the hug. "Oh!" Angela exclaimed, jumping up from the bed. "I almost forgot! Ah, hold on Fareeha! Before I forget, I have something I absolutely must show you. I have a feeling you're going to love it!" Fareeha had barely said okay before the witch had dashed out of the room to get whatever she was talking about.

"Have any idea what she's talking about?" Fareeha asked, looking over to the skeleton that still stood by the door.

"I do, alas I'm not going to tell you. The witch told me it was a surprise for the wolf," the deer replied, shaking his head as if to nod no. "While the witch thinks that the wolf will like it, that I am not so sure of." Fareeha just huffed at the response and frowned.

Angela returned only a minute later with a piece of notebook paper in her hands. She held it up the partially crumbled paper which was covered in messy handwriting and scribbled or smudged out words. "Here it is!" she announced. Fareeha just looked at it with a confused look.

"It's a new spell I've been working on or really one that I have made. There's no other spell like it in the world, or at least that I know of. That's kind of surprising too, considering what spell it is," the witch quickly informed her. "I've been working on it for months. I was careful not to let you know about it since it was meant to be a surprise for you nor did I want you to be disappointed if I couldn't end up figuring out how to create it so that it would do what it was meant to do. It's really not that hard of a spell to cast, but it did require some thinking when creating it. Thankfully, I finally finished last night while staying up to look after you. I'm pretty sure that it'll work, and it should hopefully not cause any harm to you if it doesn't work. It'd make no sense if it did harm you though; it isn't a spell that is meant to do any harm."

"For me?" the familiar asked in an unsure tone.

The witch nodded. "Yes, for you or any other familiar for that matter. Though... Maybe not Lena because I have a feeling she'd end up getting herself into a lot of trouble with it."

"When does she not though?" Fareeha joked, which easily made the witch laugh. She then asked, "So... What exactly does this spell allow a familiar to do?"

"Well, I could just simply tell you but that'd be kind of boring. So instead how about I just cast it and then you'll see what it allows you to do," Angela replied with a confident look on her face.

"Are you sure that's a smart idea? I mean... If you aren't sure what could happen if you cast it..." Fareeha said, trying not to sound as skeptical as she really was.

"It should be just fine. Like I said, it isn't a spell meant to do any harm so it shouldn't cause any harm."

"You said that about that one spell but-" the familiar said in a skeptical tone before being cut off by the witch. "Don't bring that up! This one... Is just different, and I know it is. You can trust me, Fareeha. I'd never cast a spell on you if I knew it would hurt you," the witch said almost in an aggravated tone, frowning at the other. "You know I'd never do that. You can always trust me, Fareeha."

"Fine fine," Fareeha replied after a few moments of silence. The witch's demeanor quickly changed back to the excited, happy one from before upon hearing the familiar's response, and her smile once again appeared on her face. "Alright! I wrote it somewhere on this paper... It's the only words on here that look like my usual handwriting instead of the sloppy stuff that covers the rest of the page. I usually waited till you fell asleep before I worked on it, which was probably as much of a challenge as it was creating the spell. Being all snuggled up next to you was not a position I really wanted to get up from to go work on a spell. Anyway, that's why so much of it is sloppy."

"So that's why I saw you get up those couple of times?"

Angela paused for a moment and looked up from the paper. "Oh no, did I wake you when I did? I was so sure I hadn't..."

"You did a few times, but most of the time you didn't. I just thought you had to go to the bathroom or something. I'd usually fall back asleep and then wake up when you came back as well, which is why I never worried about it since you always came back."

"And here I thought that you were the heaviest sleeper in all of the world. Usually it takes you a lot to wake you up," the witch replied. She had now flipped the paper over onto the other side and was looking over it.

"During the day, I am. Though during the night, the smallest of sounds will wake me up. I'm just more cautious during the night, really," Fareeha explained. Angela just nodded in response, her eyes still looking over the paper for the correct writing of the spell.

It was only a few more seconds till the witch finally found the correct writing of the spell. "Aha! Here it is!" she exclaimed, jabbing the middle of the paper with her finger. "I knew I wrote it somewhere around the middle." She then walked over to side of the bed the familiar was on. "All I have to do is just say it, and it should work."

"Alright," the familiar mumbled. Fareeha still wasn't completely sure about the idea of the spell,

but she knew she could trust Angela. Simply because of that, Fareeha was willing to follow through on this endeavor.

Angela smiled, and she slowly began to repeat the spell that was written on the paper. After finishing the spell, her gaze shifted back onto Fareeha.

Surprisingly for Fareeha, nothing happened.

The familiar looked over to the witch and said, "Well? Nothing happened." Honestly, this was a relief for the familiar.

"Hold on, Fareeha," Angela quickly replied. "See if you can switch into your wolf form for me."

The familiar was quiet for a moment before saying, "... You aren't serious, are you? You know I can't do that unless you cast the spell."

"Just try, Fareeha. You may be surprised."

That's when it finally clicked for the familiar. Fareeha glanced over to Angela for a moment before repeating the spell that Angela always used when she changed Fareeha into a human form. Instantly, the usual gray cloud of smoke began to appear around the familiar. It was only a few seconds before she had completely changed back to her wolf form.

Angela clapped her hands together and cheered at the sight of the wolf. "It works!" she exclaimed, her smile only growing. The wolf looked over to her for a few seconds before smoke beginning to surround it once again. It seemed that the familiar was already beginning to change back to her human form once more.

As expected, Fareeha was back to her human form in only a few more second's time. She didn't say anything and only looked over to Angela with a blank expression.

"So, as you can see, it's a spell that allows a familiar to choose which form they are in rather than the witch being in control," Angela explained. "It could certainly become a very good spell to know depending on what situation a familiar is in. I wouldn't suggest it for familiar that lives in the city like Lena unless they had a cloaking spell to hide their tail and ears if they have them. Though for familiars that live in remote areas, such as yourself, or familiars without witches that are powerful enough to perform a cloaking spell, I think it'd be a good idea for them to have the ability."

Angela then paused for a few moments. She then sighed, looking back down to her hands. "I remembered how much you disliked your human form at first. I know you weren't the happiest with me for changing you to your human form either, even though that didn't seem to last for very long. So I thought that maybe you'd like it better if you were able to change whenever you wanted to instead of feeling like you were stuck in your human form. I know it's a little late and I'm not even sure if you still feel this way but... Now you can, so choose whichever you please." The witch gave her a wary smile.

Despite being fine with giving the familiar the ability to choose, the idea of Fareeha choosing to return back to her wolf form for the majority of the time was not one Angela was particularly fond of. It was selfish of Angela to think so, but she liked having Fareeha to talk to rather than having Fareeha just listen to Angela talk. However, she'd respect Fareeha's choice regardless.

"Well..." the familiar said, looking up to meet the blonde's gaze. "I... Really appreciate it, Angela. This is definitely a very good spell, and you did really well on creating it. Though..." The familiar gave a nervous chuckle before continuing. "I don't think I'm going to be using it very much. I'm

not going to lie, this form has grown on me since you first changed me into it. I'd say I like it just about as much as I like my wolf one now."

Angela just nodded and replied, "That's fine, that's perfectly fine! Just use it whenever you feel like it." She gave the other a small smile.

For the rest of that unforgettable day, the two simply napped. Angela was beyond tired from staying up all night looking after Fareeha, and Fareeha still needed to rest after getting hurt that badly.

Despite Fareeha's injury, she still allowed the witch to snuggle against her side as she napped. Fareeha kept one arm around her as the two slept and wouldn't allow herself to fall asleep before Angela went to sleep herself. She thankfully didn't have to wait for very long; Angela was out in only a matter of seconds. Fareeha couldn't help but smile once she saw the other had fallen asleep, and she pressed one soft kiss to the other one's forehead before she fell asleep herself.

One thing was for certain: Fareeha was more than happy to be back home with Angela again.

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People still came by the small cottage from time to time. New hikers would come and go, old ones would come in to say hello and see how the woman inside was doing, and cross country skiers would still get lost and thankfully stumble across the cabin. Everything seemed to be about the same except it seemed that the woman's canine wasn't there as often as it used to be and the woman's odd installment of a moving deer skeleton that everyone thought was a very elaborate, year-round Halloween decoration.

Instead of the usual growling you would always hear when you knocked on the door, you would now sometimes hear the beginning of a quick argument. It certainly was an odd one from the words people could make out. Something about the other not wanting to cast a cloaking spell or not wanting to change into some other form seemed to be the gist of it. It made little to no sense to many of the people who came by the cottage, but they thankfully didn't pay much mind to it.

This small argument would later end with a grumbled yes from one of the inhabitants inside, and then you would finally hear the sound of the other side of the door beginning to be unlocked. You would then be greeted by the blonde woman who lived inside the cottage and sometimes her canine with the oddly colored fur or another woman who many would presume to be her girlfriend or wife.

The odd thing was that you never saw the canine when the woman was there and you never saw the woman when the canine was there.

Suppose it was yet another odd little thing about this remote, cozy cottage that simply couldn't be explained truthfully unless you truly knew who the blonde woman was.

Chapter End Notes

And now it is finally complete!

This was a fun thing to write, but it also took a lot of time to write. I may write a companion piece that focuses on a different pairing, but I'm currently not sure if I

will.

I am happy to hear you have all been enjoying this story, and I hope you guys like the ending as much as you have liked the other parts of this story! Sorry for making you wait so long for this chapter, by the way.

I hope you guys like Trumpet too; I find him to be such a cutie!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!